

10¢
BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.



BLACK DIAMOND

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DIAMOND



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WESTERN

FEB.
NO. 49

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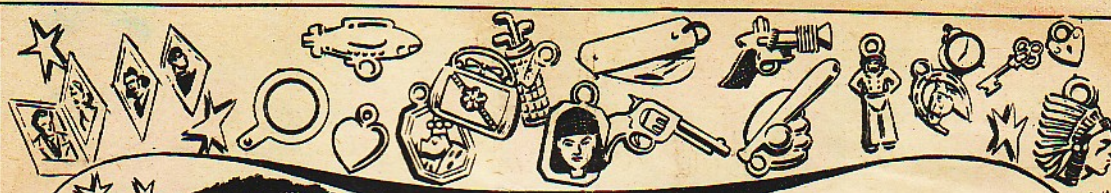
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BLACK DIAMOND

in "THE MASK OF TERROR"

JAMESVILLE WAS A QUIET HAMLET ON THE MISSOURI RIVER! NOTHING MUCH EVER HAPPENED AT JAMESVILLE LANDING! NOTHING EXCEPT A CATTLE AUCTION OR A MINSTREL SHOW OR A CHURCH PICNIC! NOTHING, IN SHORT, TO CAUSE THAT FRONTIER TROUBLE-SHOOTER, THE BLACK DIAMOND, TO TAKE THE SAFETY OFF HIS .44! YET, ONE SPRING NIGHT IN JAMESVILLE LANDING, ALL HECK BUSTED LOOSE! DEATH STRUCK SUDDENLY AND VIOLENTLY ON THE RIVER TOWN DOCK... AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A LONG VOYAGE OF HORROR!



THEY GOT ONE!
HURRY, BUMPER!

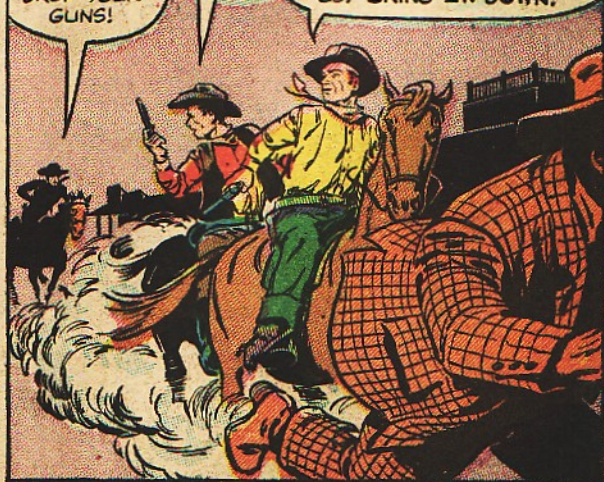
THERE GOES THE OTHER
ONE! DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

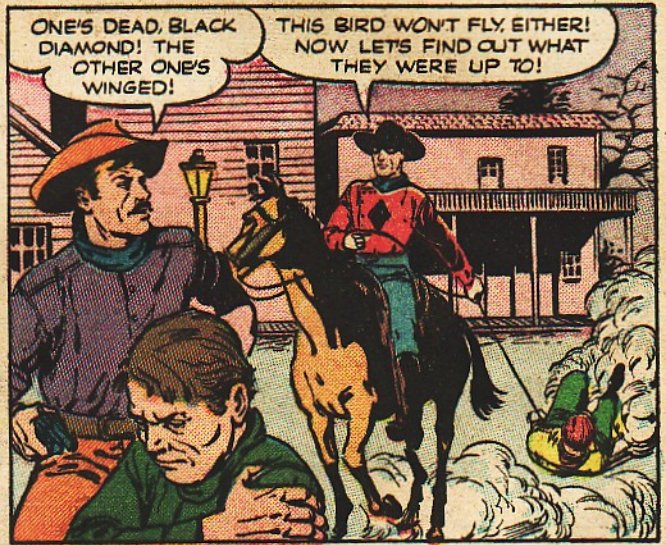
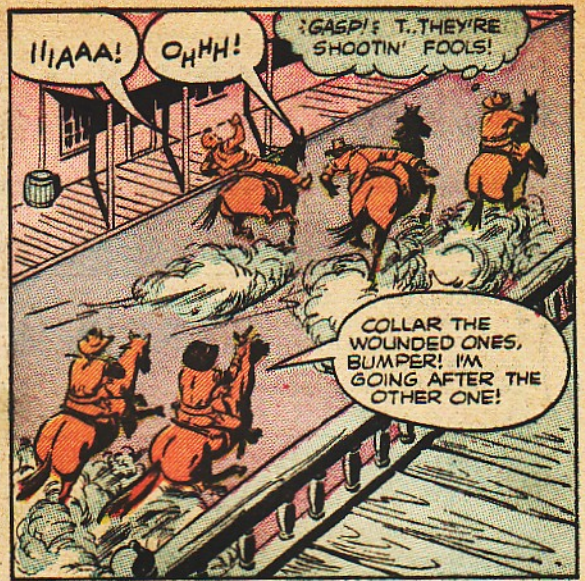


REIN UP,
YOU COYOTES!
DROP YOUR
GUNS!

W.WHO'S
THAT?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES
IT MAKE? THEY CAN'T STOP
US! BRING 'EM DOWN!







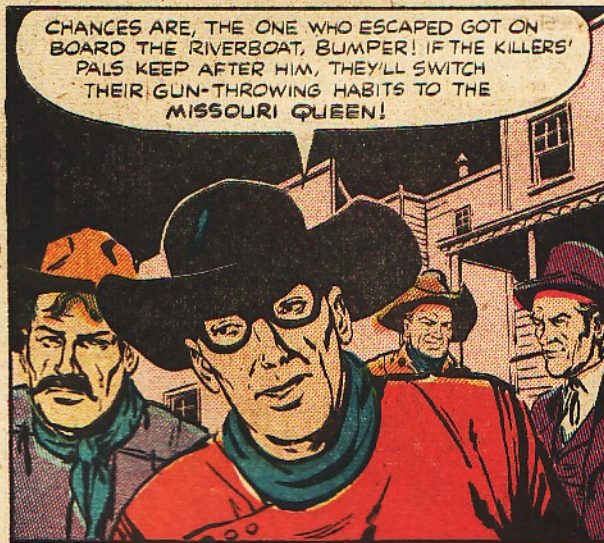
WE? YOU TWO SKUNKS WILL HAVE YOUR NECKS STRETCHED FOR TONIGHT'S BUSINESS!

WANNA BET? WE GOT FRIENDS! A LOT CAN HAPPEN BEFORE WE CLIMB THE GALLOWS' STEPS!

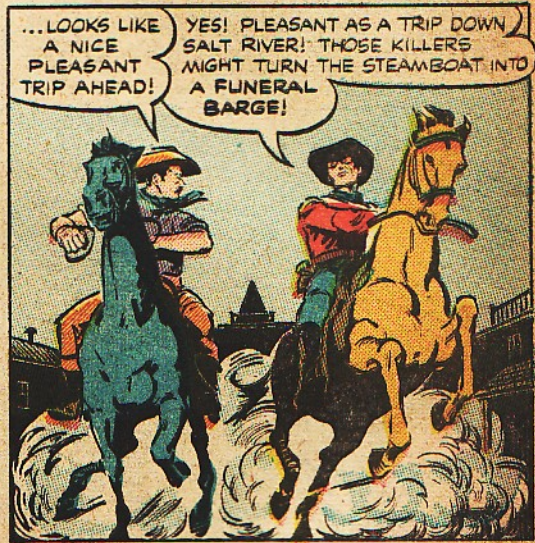


LET YOUR FRIENDS TRY ANYTHING FUNNY AND THEY'LL JOIN YOUR NECK-TIE PARTY! I'M LOCKING THEM UP, BLACK DIAMOND!

WATCH 'EM, SHERIFF! THERE'S MORE TO THIS NIGHT'S WORK THAN THESE VARMINTS! WHOEVER'S BEHIND THE SHOOTINGS WON'T FORGET ABOUT THE MAN WHO GOT AWAY!

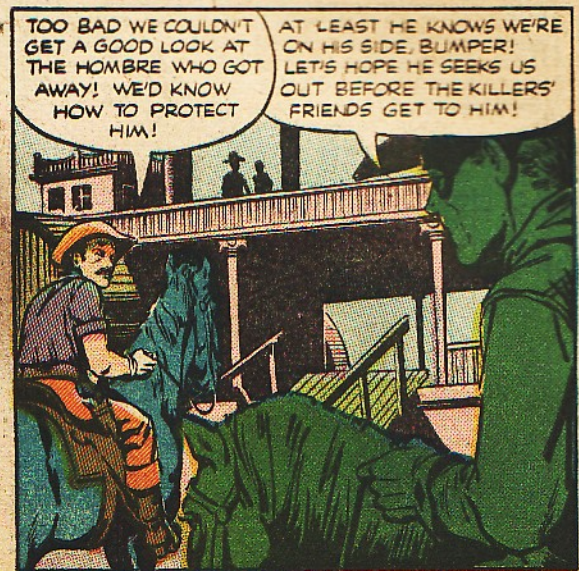


CHANCES ARE, THE ONE WHO ESCAPED GOT ON BOARD THE RIVERBOAT, BUMPER! IF THE KILLERS' PALS KEEP AFTER HIM, THEY'LL SWITCH THEIR GUN-THROWING HABITS TO THE MISSOURI QUEEN!



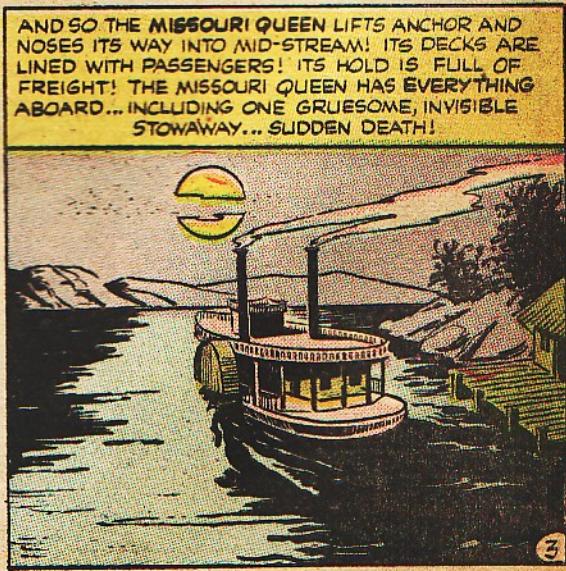
...LOOKS LIKE A NICE PLEASANT TRIP AHEAD!

YES! PLEASANT AS A TRIP DOWN SALT RIVER! THOSE KILLERS MIGHT TURN THE STEAMBOAT INTO A FUNERAL BARGE!



TOO BAD WE COULDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE HOMBRE WHO GOT AWAY! WE'D KNOW HOW TO PROTECT HIM!

AT LEAST HE KNOWS WE'RE ON HIS SIDE, BUMPER! LET'S HOPE HE SEEKS US OUT BEFORE THE KILLERS' FRIENDS GET TO HIM!



AND SO THE MISSOURI QUEEN LIFTS ANCHOR AND NOSES ITS WAY INTO MID-STREAM! ITS DECKS ARE LINED WITH PASSENGERS! ITS HOLD IS FULL OF FREIGHT! THE MISSOURI QUEEN HAS EVERYTHING ABOARD... INCLUDING ONE GRUESOME, INVISIBLE STOWAWAY... SUDDEN DEATH!



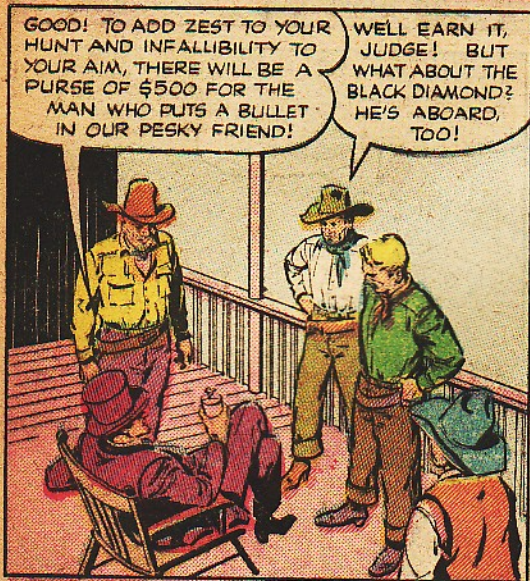
HERE'S YOUR MINT JULEP, JUDGE!

THANKS, JEFF! WE'LL HAVE A BIG PARTY LATER ON, WHEN OUR JOB IS ACCOMPLISHED! TILL THEN...STAY SOBER! YOU'LL NEED STEADY GUN HANDS!



YOU HAD A GOOD LOOK AT THE MAN WHO GOT AWAY?

NOT HIS FACE, JUDGE! ONLY WHAT HE WAS WEARIN'! WE'LL SEARCH THE SHIP FOR A GUY IN A CHECKERED SUIT...THEN PLUG WHOEVER'S INSIDE IT!



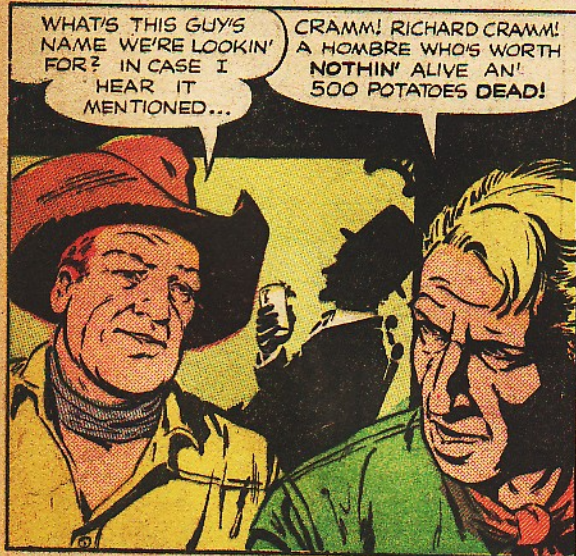
GOOD! TO ADD ZEST TO YOUR HUNT AND INFALLIBILITY TO YOUR AIM, THERE WILL BE A PURSE OF \$500 FOR THE MAN WHO PUTS A BULLET IN OUR PESKY FRIEND!

WE'LL EARN IT, JUDGE! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK DIAMOND? HE'S ABOARD, TOO!



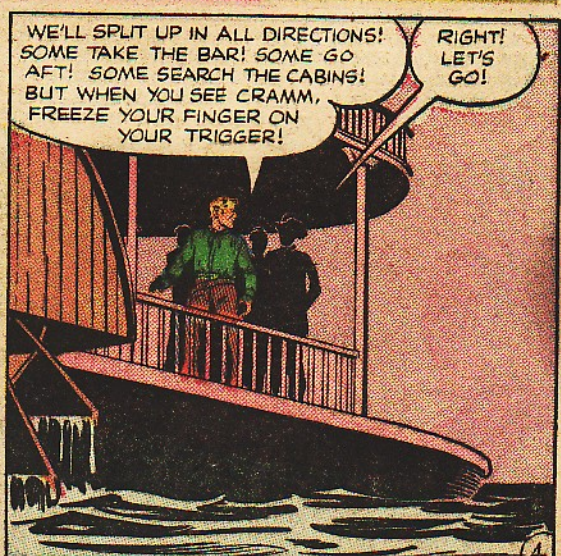
I FIGURE IF THE BLACK DIAMOND OR HIS HUSKY COMPANION MAKE A NUISANCE OF THEMSELVES, A FEW BULLETS IN THEIR BACKS AT CLOSE RANGE WILL HANDLE THE SITUATION NEATLY...NOW OFF TO YOUR BUSINESS!

OKAY, JUDGE! HAPPY HUNTIN'!



WHAT'S THIS GUY'S NAME WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR? IN CASE I HEAR IT MENTIONED...

CRAMM! RICHARD CRAMM! A HOMBRE WHO'S WORTH NOTHIN' ALIVE AN' 500 POTATOES DEAD!



WE'LL SPLIT UP IN ALL DIRECTIONS! SOME TAKE THE BAR! SOME GO AFT! SOME SEARCH THE CABINS! BUT WHEN YOU SEE CRAMM, FREEZE YOUR FINGER ON YOUR TRIGGER!

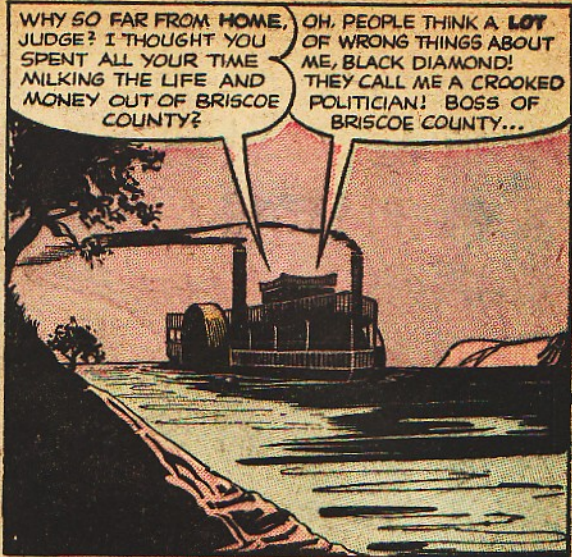
RIGHT! LET'S GO!

SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE MAIN DECK...



WELL, WELL! WE HAVE DISTINGUISHED COMPANY ON BOARD! OF ALL PEOPLE, THE BLACK DIAMOND! GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARSHAL!

THE PLEASURE IS NOT MUTUAL, JUDGE VARICK!



WHY SO FAR FROM HOME, JUDGE? I THOUGHT YOU SPENT ALL YOUR TIME MILKING THE LIFE AND MONEY OUT OF BRISCOE COUNTY?

OH, PEOPLE THINK A LOT OF WRONG THINGS ABOUT ME, BLACK DIAMOND! THEY CALL ME A CROOKED POLITICIAN! BOSS OF BRISCOE COUNTY...



PERSECUTOR OF THE RANCHERS, CORRUPT LAW-MAKERS...OH, A THOUSAND NASTY LITTLE LIES! NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND BELIEVES SUCH RUMORS!

I BELIEVE 'EM, VARICK! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'LL GET PERMISSION FROM HEADQUARTERS TO POKE AROUND IN YOUR BAILWICK!



POKE AWAY! I WELCOME INVESTIGATION! BRISCOE COUNTY UNDER MY BENEVOLENT ADMINISTRATION IS THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE FRONTIER!

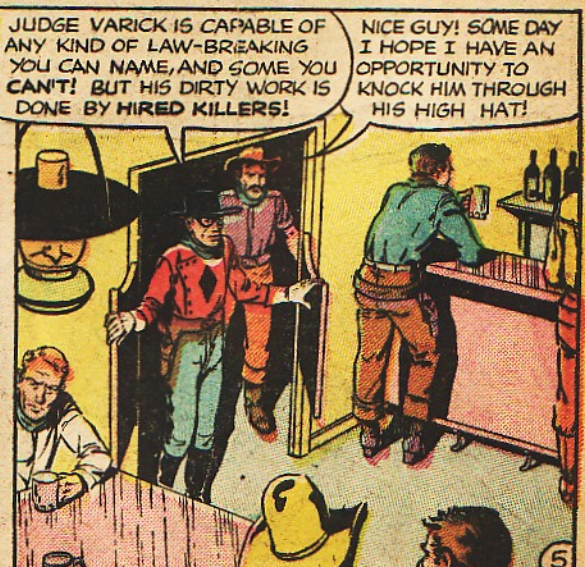
IF YOU CALL A CESSPOOL OF CORRUPTION A GARDEN SPOT! YOU CAN SMELL THE STENCH OF YOUR EVIL DEEDS ALL OVER THE WEST!



ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL COME IN AND DEODORIZE BRISCOE COUNTY!

AS YOU PLEASE, MY FRIEND! AS YOU PLEASE!

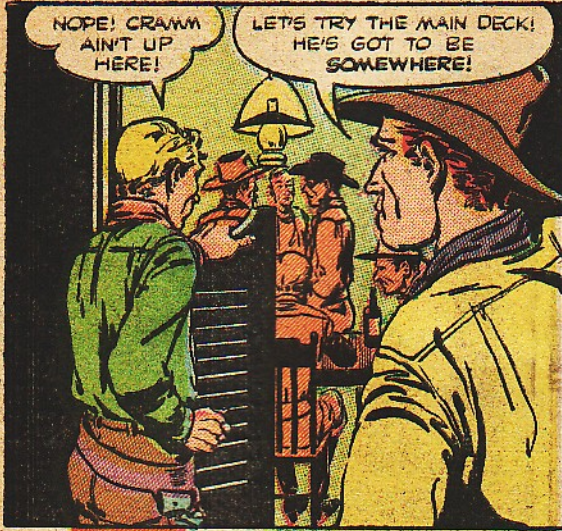
PSST! BLACK DIAMOND! MAYBE THE JUDGE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SHOOTING?



JUDGE VARICK IS CAPABLE OF ANY KIND OF LAW-BREAKING YOU CAN NAME, AND SOME YOU CAN'T! BUT HIS DIRTY WORK IS DONE BY HIRED KILLERS!

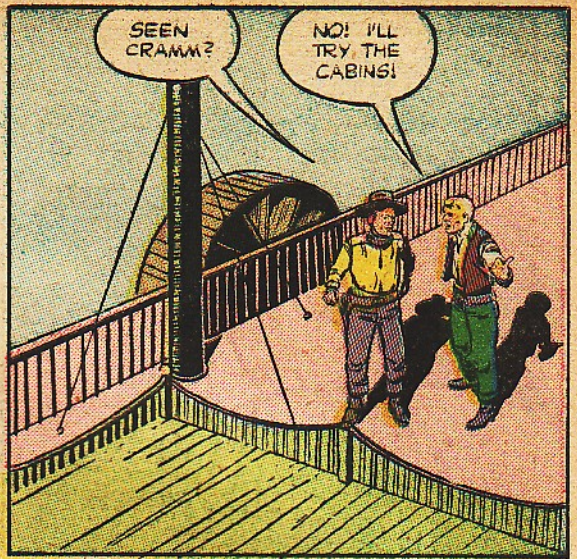
NICE GUY! SOME DAY I HOPE I HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO KNOCK HIM THROUGH HIS HIGH HAT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LOUNGE OF THE MISSOURI QUEEN...



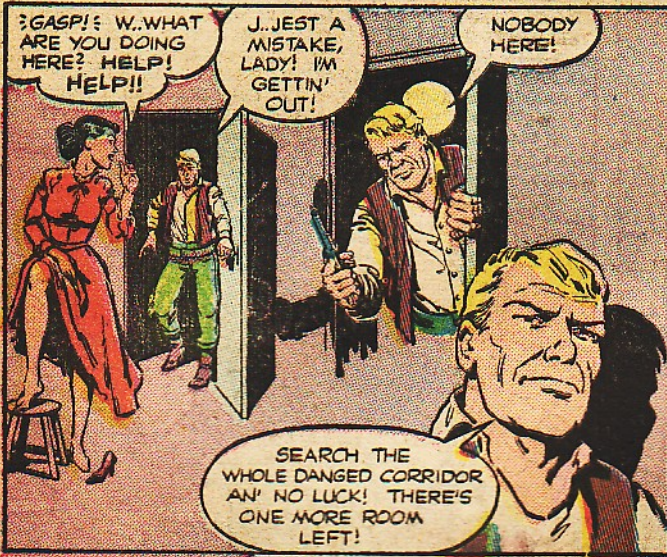
NOPE! CRAMM AIN'T UP HERE!

LET'S TRY THE MAIN DECK! HE'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE!



SEEN CRAMM?

NO! I'LL TRY THE CABINS!



?GASP!? W.WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HELP! HELP!!

J.JEST A MISTAKE, LADY! I'M GETTIN' OUT!

NOBODY HERE!

SEARCH THE WHOLE DANGED CORRIDOR AN' NO LUCK! THERE'S ONE MORE ROOM LEFT!

BUT AS THE GUNMAN OPENED THE LAST DOOR...



?GASP!? T.THE CHECKERED SUIT... ?GASP!?

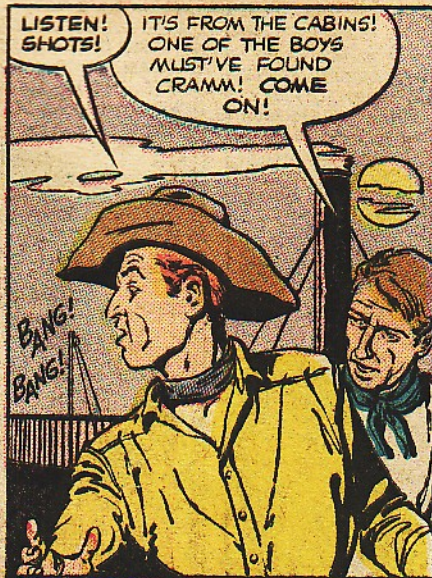
DROP YOUR GUN OR DIE!



LIKE HECK! I'M EARNIN' THEM FIVE HUNDRED BU...UUGH!!

YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF!

BANG!
BANG!



LISTEN! SHOTS!

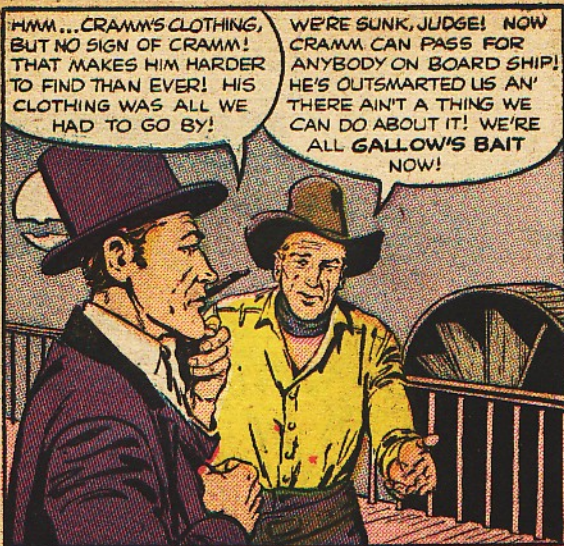
IT'S FROM THE CABINS! ONE OF THE BOYS MUST'VE FOUND CRAMM! COME ON!

BANG!
BANG!



IT'S JEFF! HE CAUGHT A GUT-FULL!

HE FOUND CRAMM ALL RIGHT! HERE'S CRAMM'S DUDS! WE'VE GOTTA REPORT THIS TO THE JUDGE!



HMM... CRAMM'S CLOTHING, BUT NO SIGN OF CRAMM! THAT MAKES HIM HARDER TO FIND THAN EVER! HIS CLOTHING WAS ALL WE HAD TO GO BY!

WE'RE SUNK, JUDGE! NOW CRAMM CAN PASS FOR ANYBODY ON BOARD SHIP! HE'S OUTSMARTED US AN' THERE AIN'T A THING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! WE'RE ALL GALLOW'S BAIT NOW!



NOT QUITE! DESPERATE SITUATIONS REQUIRE DESPERATE MEASURES! WE'LL RUB CRAMM OUT IF WE HAVE TO KILL EVERY PERSON ON BOARD THE MISSOURI QUEEN TO DO IT!



WE'RE TAKING OVER THE MISSOURI QUEEN! IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP YOU, SHOOT TO KILL!



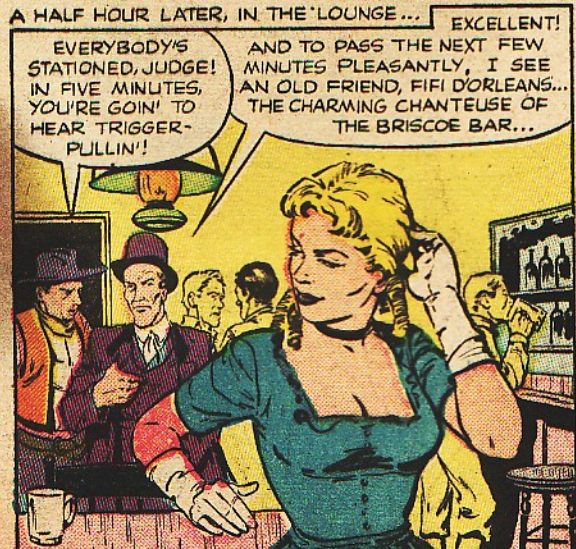
BUT WHOEVER GETS TO LAND LATER WILL TELL WHAT WE DID, JUDGE!

NOBODY'S GOING TO REACH LAND ALIVE! AFTER WE SMOKE CRAMM OUT AND KILL HIM, WE'LL MASSACRE EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ABOARD SHIP!



THEN WE'LL BURN HER! THERE'LL BE NO CLUES! IT'LL BE THE WORST DISASTER IN RIVERBOAT HISTORY! NO SURVIVORS... EXCEPT US! THE MISSOURI QUEEN WILL END ITS DAYS AS A FUNERAL PYRE!

OKAY JUDGE! CAN'T SEE HOW IT CAN HURT. WITH CRAMM FREE, WE'LL HANG ANYWAY!

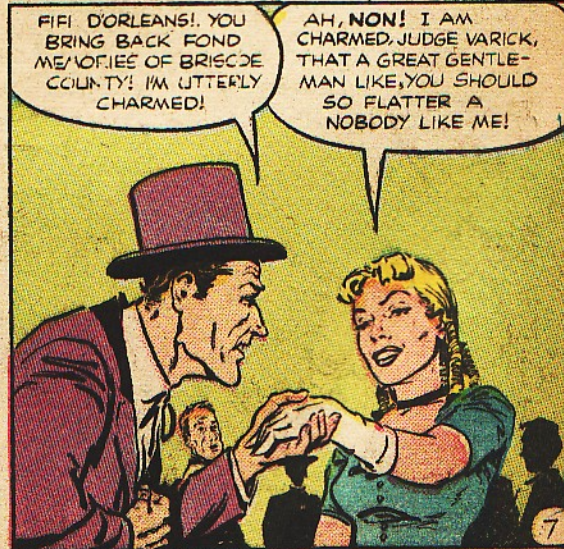


A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE LOUNGE...

EVERYBODY'S STATIONED, JUDGE! IN FIVE MINUTES, YOU'RE GOIN' TO HEAR TRIGGER-PULLIN'!

AND TO PASS THE NEXT FEW MINUTES PLEASANTLY, I SEE AN OLD FRIEND, FIFI D'ORLEANS... THE CHARMING CHANTEUSE OF THE BRISCOE BAR...

EXCELLENT!

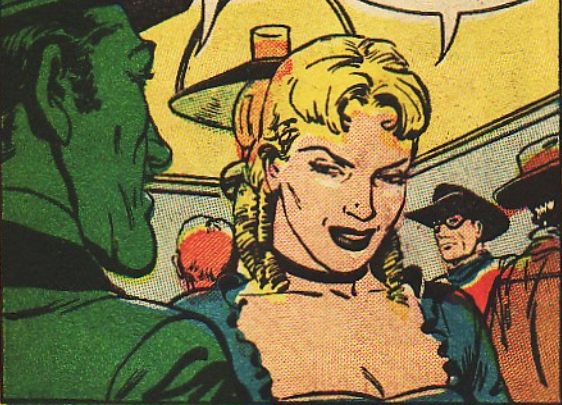


FIFI D'ORLEANS! YOU BRING BACK FOND MEMORIES OF BRISCOE COUNTY! I'M UTTERLY CHARMED!

AH, NON! I AM CHARMED, JUDGE VARICK, THAT A GREAT GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU SHOULD SO FLATTER A NOBODY LIKE ME!

A BREATH-TAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU... A NOBODY? NONSENSE! WHEN WE GET BACK TO BRISCOE COUNTY, YOU MUST SING YOUR SONGS ONLY FOR ME!

BUT MON AMI, I ALWAYS SANG TO YOU WHEN YOU CAME TO BRISCOE BAR! BUT YOU PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO FIFI!



I HAD BUSINESS ON MY MIND, CHER!! NOW I AM READY TO ENJOY LIFE! IF YOU ARE NICE TO ME, I'LL SEE THAT YOU CONTINUE TO ENJOY YOUR LIFE, TOO!

THAT GIRL'S NO GOOD! DOESN'T SHE KNOW WHAT SORT OF MAN JUDGE VARICK IS?



AT THAT MOMENT, THE CAPTAIN AND FIRST MATE IN THE PILOT HOUSE LEARN ABOUT JUDGE VARICK FIRST-HAND!

SORRY, CAPTAIN! THIS HERE TUB IS GOIN' NOWHERE!



THAT'S THE SIGNAL, HANK! LET THE SAILORS HAVE IT!



AT THE SAME TIME IN THE LOUNGE...

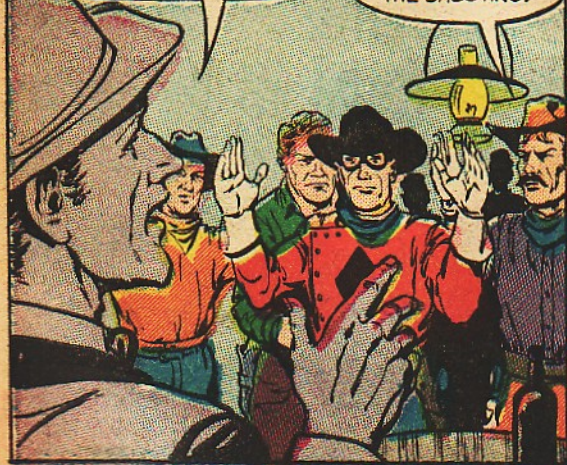
HOLD IT, BLACK DIAMOND! MAKE ONE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW A LEAD TUNNEL THROUGH YORE BELLY!

QUIET, FOLKS! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE PANICKED ABOUT! JUST OBEY ORDERS!



WHAT HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY ON BOARD DEPENDS ON ONE MAN NAMED RICHARD CRAMM! HE IS AMONG YOU!

YOU WERE RIGHT, BLACK DIAMOND! JUDGE VARICK IS MIXED UP IN THE SHOOTING!



THANKS TO A FEW WELL-CHOSEN, DEADLY SHOTS MY MEN ARE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE SHIP! BUT THE SLAUGHTER WON'T END THERE! I INTEND TO KILL EVERYBODY ABOARD UNLESS RICHARD CRAMM SURRENDERS HIMSELF!

AND IF CRAMM DOES REVEAL HIMSELF, THE SLAUGHTER WILL HAPPEN ANYWAY!



I'LL GIVE RICHARD CRAMM ONE MINUTE TO COME FORWARD! FOR EVERY MINUTE HE HESITATES, I'LL PUT A PERSON TO DEATH! IN THE END WE'LL REACH CRAMM ANYWAY! SO WHY NOT PREVENT THE TAKING OF INNOCENT LIFE NOW?



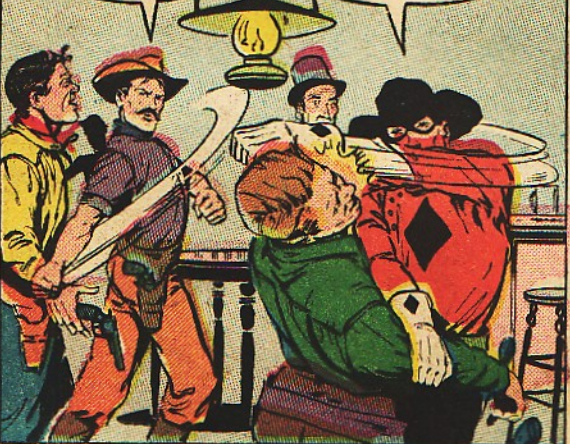
WE'RE GONERS! VARICK WON'T ALLOW ONE WITNESS TO ESCAPE!

I'M GIVING MY WATCH TO MY CHARMING COMPANION! WHEN A MINUTE PASSES, I WILL MURDER SOME POOR SOUL, A VICTIM TO CRAMM'S COWARDICE!



PSST... BUMPER! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

RIGHT! LET'S DIE ON OUR FEET, NOT OUR FACE!



THAT'S IT, BUMPER! COME UP SHOOTING! IT'S THEM OR US!

THEY SHOWED US NO MERCY! TREAT 'EM IN KIND!

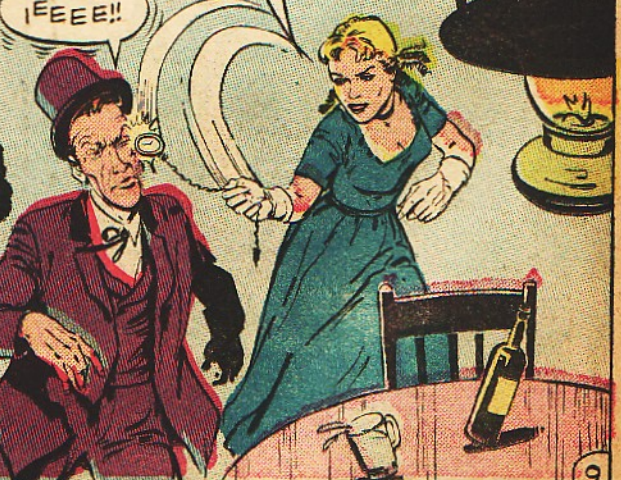


YAAAA!!

I'LL END THIS NOW! THE FOOLS TURNED HIS BACK TO ME!



NO, CHER! YOU'LL DO NO MORE BACK-STABBING!



IEEEE!!



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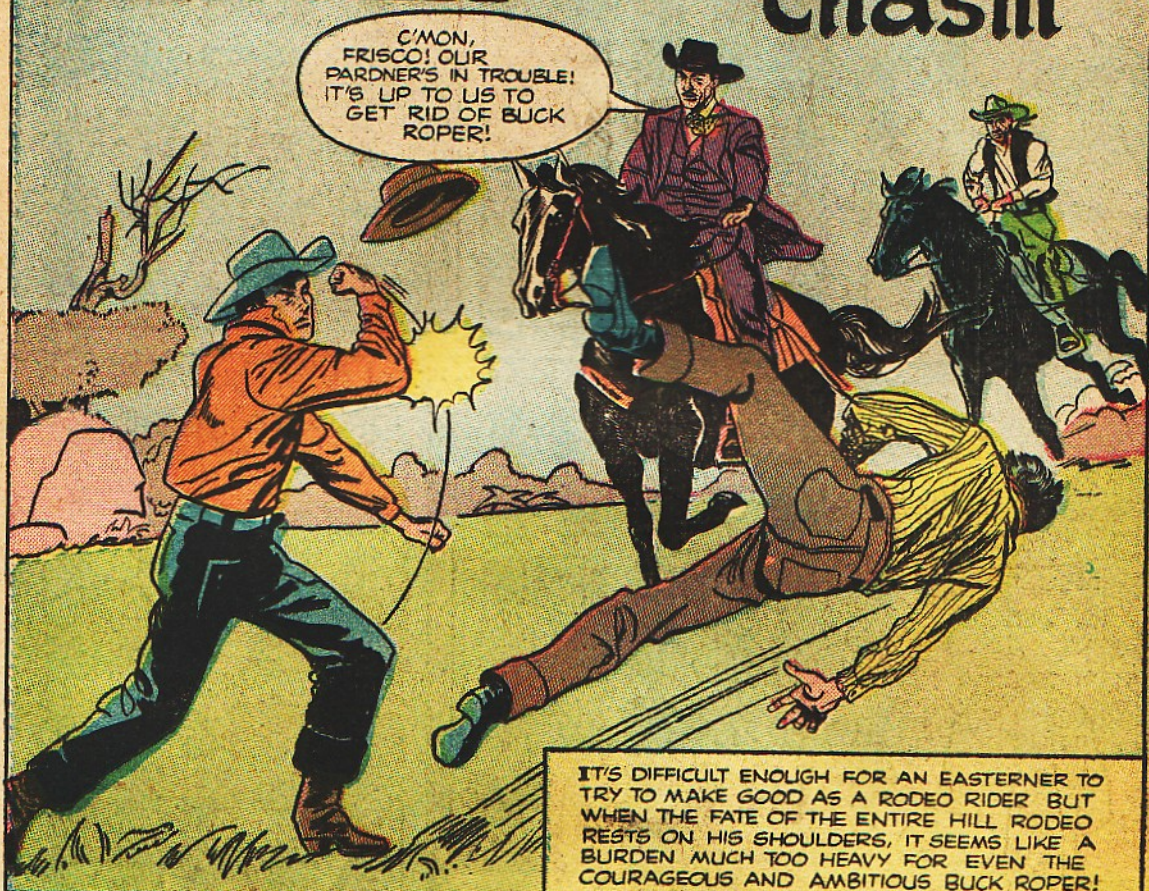
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BUCK ROPER IN "DANGER At Deadman's Chasm"

C'MON, FRISCO! OUR PARDNER'S IN TROUBLE! IT'S UP TO US TO GET RID OF BUCK ROPER!



IT'S DIFFICULT ENOUGH FOR AN EASTERNER TO TRY TO MAKE GOOD AS A RODEO RIDER BUT WHEN THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE HILL RODEO RESTS ON HIS SHOULDERS, IT SEEMS LIKE A BURDEN MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR EVEN THE COURAGEOUS AND AMBITIOUS BUCK ROPER!

FINISHING A WEEK'S PERFORMANCE AT DAWSON CITY, THE HILL RODEO PLAYS TO ANOTHER CAPACITY AUDIENCE...

EVEN THOUGH THE TRIPLE STAR RODEO IS FOLLOWING US ALL AROUND, IT SHORE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HURTING OUR BUSINESS ANY, MR. HILL!

I GIVE THE BIGGEST PRIZES AND THAT BRINGS ME THE TOP PERFORMERS, HAWKES! WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT COMPETITION!

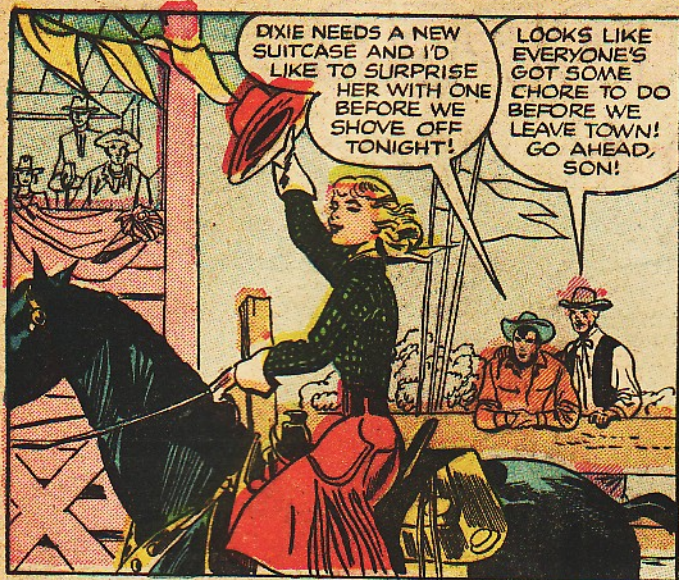


RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! SAY, I'D LIKE TO SAY, "SO LONG" TO A FRIEND OF MINE IN TOWN SO I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD LEAVE NOW!

OKAY, BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE AT THE DEPOT ON TIME! WE'RE PULLING OUT AT MIDNIGHT SHARP AND THE RODEO TRAIN CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYONE!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, MR. HILL!





DIXIE NEEDS A NEW SUITCASE AND I'D LIKE TO SURPRISE HER WITH ONE BEFORE WE SHOVE OFF TONIGHT!

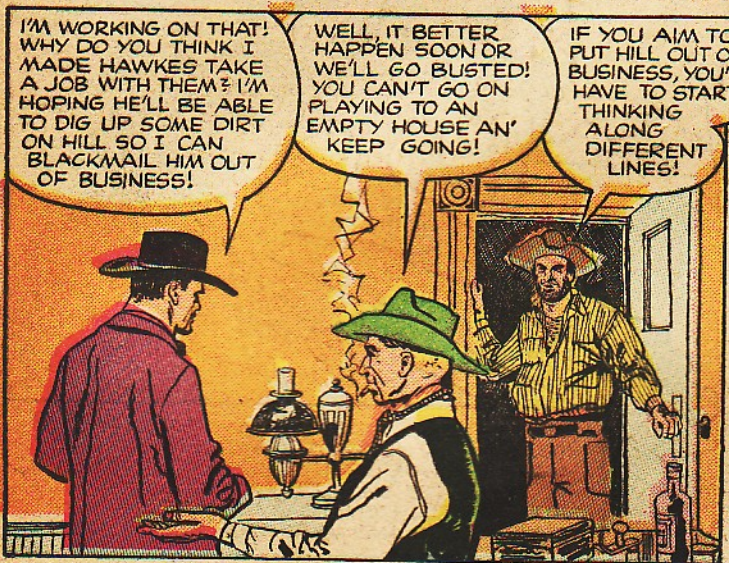
LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S GOT SOME CHORE TO DO BEFORE WE LEAVE TOWN! GO AHEAD, SON!



MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE RIVAL RODEO, THE TRIPLE STAR...

I JEST CAME FROM THE ARENA, FRISCO! IT LOOKS LIKE A GHOST TOWN!

WE'LL NEVER DO ANY BUSINESS, CARSON, AS LONG AS THAT HILL RODEO IS AROUND! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO FORCE THEM TO CLOSE UP!



I'M WORKING ON THAT! WHY DO YOU THINK I MADE HAWKES TAKE A JOB WITH THEM? I'M HOPING HE'LL BE ABLE TO DIG UP SOME DIRT ON HILL SO I CAN BLACKMAIL HIM OUT OF BUSINESS!

WELL, IT BETTER HAPPEN SOON OR WE'LL GO BUSTED! YOU CAN'T GO ON PLAYING TO AN EMPTY HOUSE AN' KEEP GOING!

IF YOU AIM TO PUT HILL OUT OF BUSINESS, YOU'LL HAVE TO START THINKING ALONG DIFFERENT LINES!

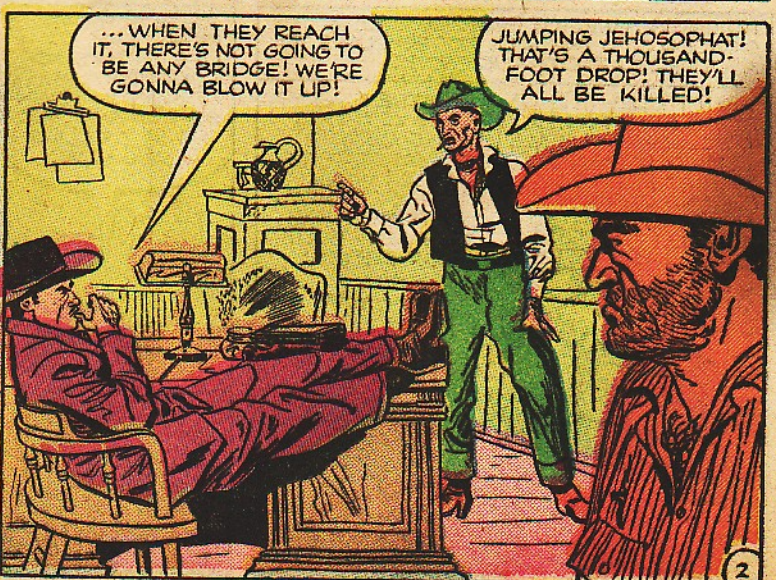


I ALREADY HAVE! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET ROUGH! WHERE DO THEY PLAY NEXT?

THE HILL RODEO MAKES A ONE DAY STOP AT DRY GULCH JUNCTION! THEY'RE MOVING TONIGHT!

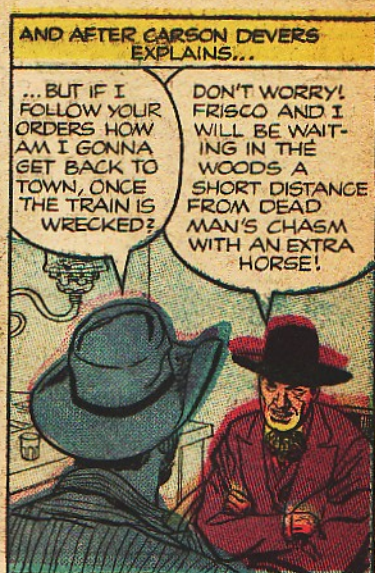


GOOD! THAT MEANS THEIR RODEO TRAIN HAS GOTTA CROSS THE BRIDGE OVER DEAD MAN'S CHASM, AND...

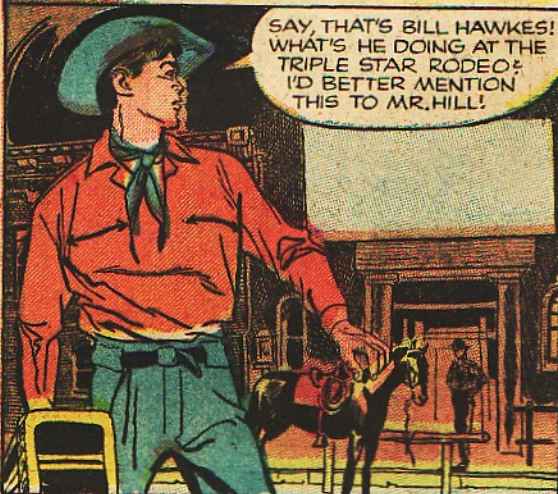


... WHEN THEY REACH IT, THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY BRIDGE! WE'RE GONNA BLOW IT UP!

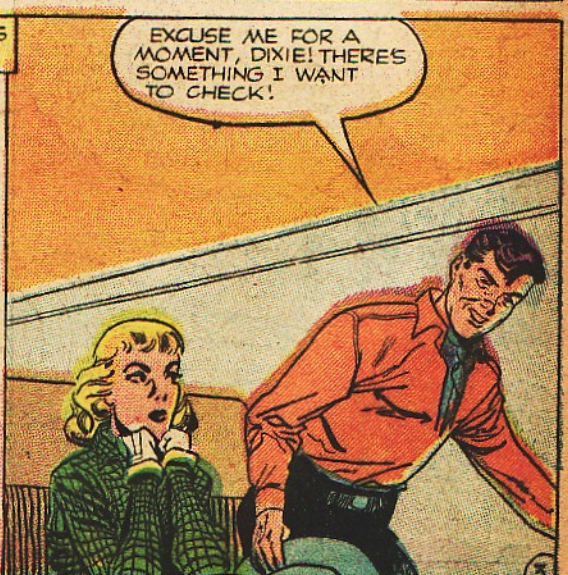
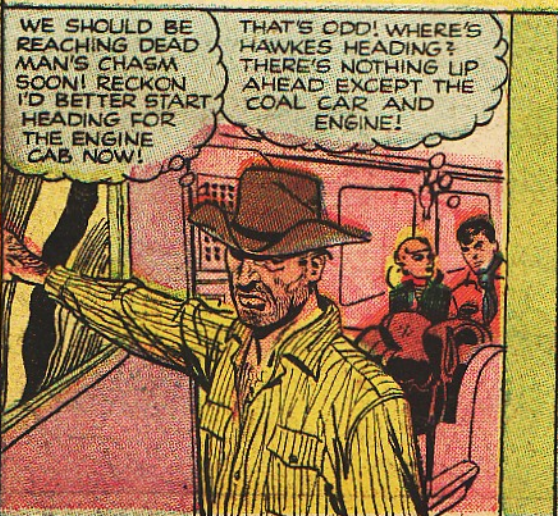
JUMPING JEHOSSOPHAT! THAT'S A THOUSAND-FOOT DROP! THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!



BUT AS HAWKES LEAVES THE TRIPLE STAR RODEO OFFICE...



BUT THAT NIGHT AS THE HILL RODEO TRAIN SPEEDS TOWARD DRY GULCH JUNCTION...



WHILE AT DEAD MAN'S CHASM...

THE TRAIN WILL BE HERE SHORTLY, FRISCO! LET HER GO!

BOOM!



THAT DOES IT! NOW LET'S HIDE IN THE WOODS UNTIL HAWKES DOES HIS JOB AND JOINS US!



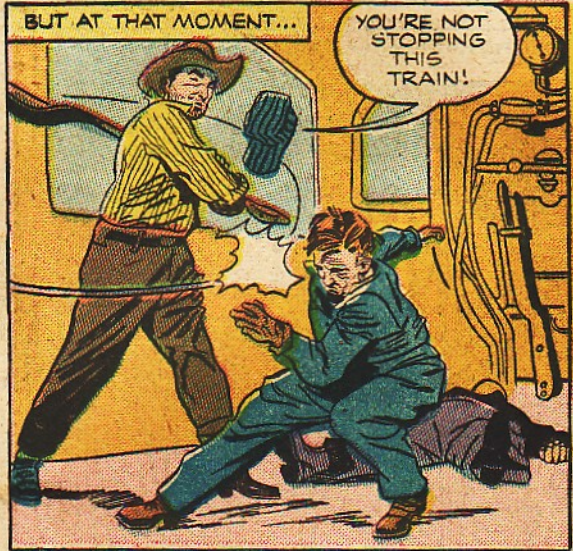
SHORTLY AFTER...

HENRY! LOOK! THE BRIDGE IS GONE! STOP THE TRAIN QUICK!



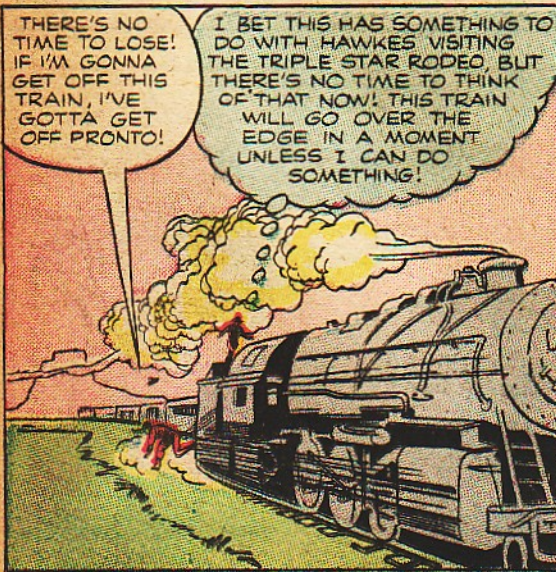
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE NOT STOPPING THIS TRAIN!

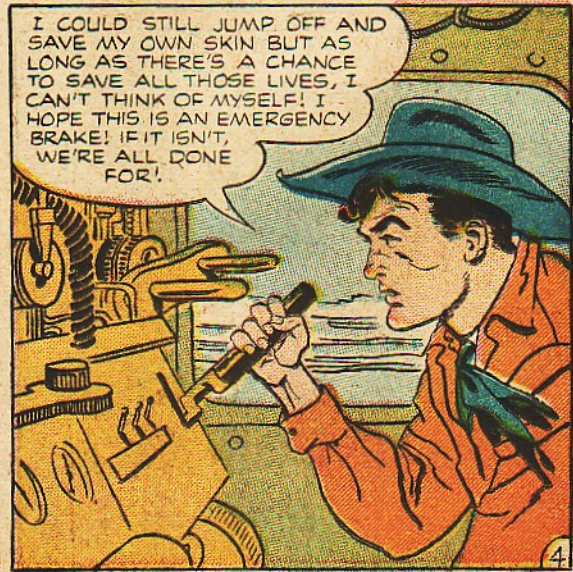


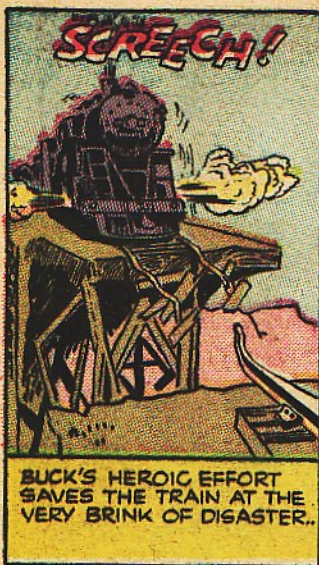
THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! IF I'M GONNA GET OFF THIS TRAIN, I'VE GOTTA GET OFF PRONTO!

I BET THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HAWKES VISITING THE TRIPLE STAR RODEO BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK OF THAT NOW! THIS TRAIN WILL GO OVER THE EDGE IN A MOMENT UNLESS I CAN DO SOMETHING!



I COULD STILL JUMP OFF AND SAVE MY OWN SKIN BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE TO SAVE ALL THOSE LIVES, I CAN'T THINK OF MYSELF! I HOPE THIS IS AN EMERGENCY BRAKE! IF IT ISN'T, WE'RE ALL DONE FOR!



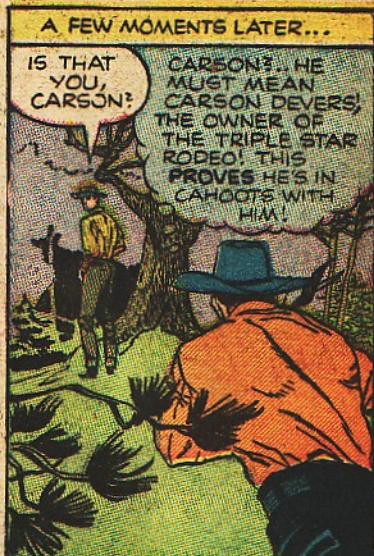
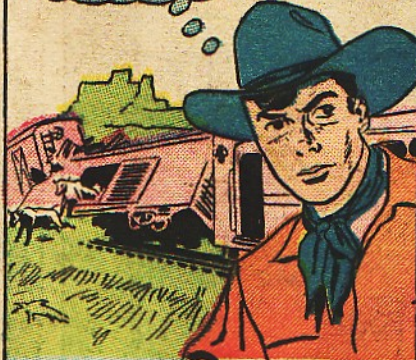


SCREECH!

BUCK'S HEROIC EFFORT SAVES THE TRAIN AT THE VERY BRINK OF DISASTER..

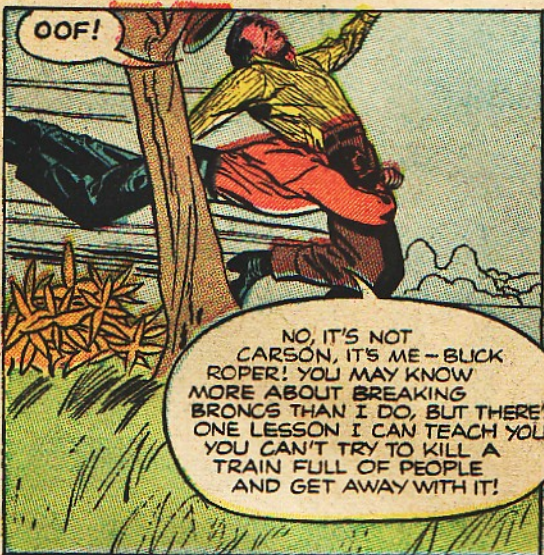
BUT THE SUDDEN STOP CAUSES SOME OF THE CARS TO JUMP THE TRACK AND OTHERS TO OVER-TURN...

IF I'M GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HAWKES, I'D BETTER GET AFTER HIM! HE WAS HEADING FOR THE WOODS!



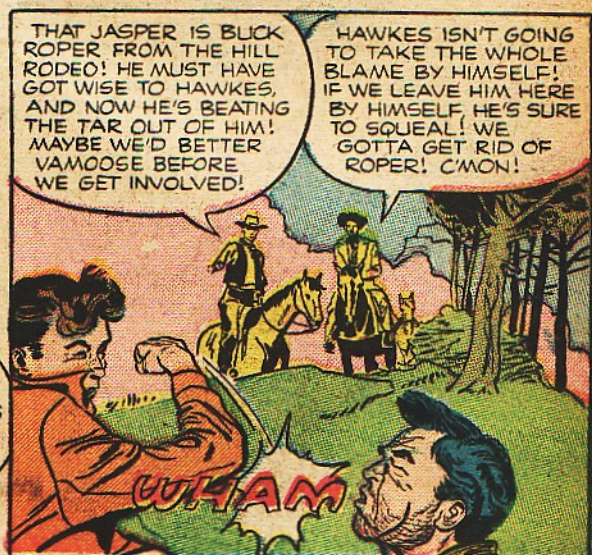
IS THAT YOU, CARSON?

CARSON?... HE MUST MEAN CARSON DEVERS, THE OWNER OF THE TRIPLE STAR RODEO! THIS PROVES HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH HIM!



OOF!

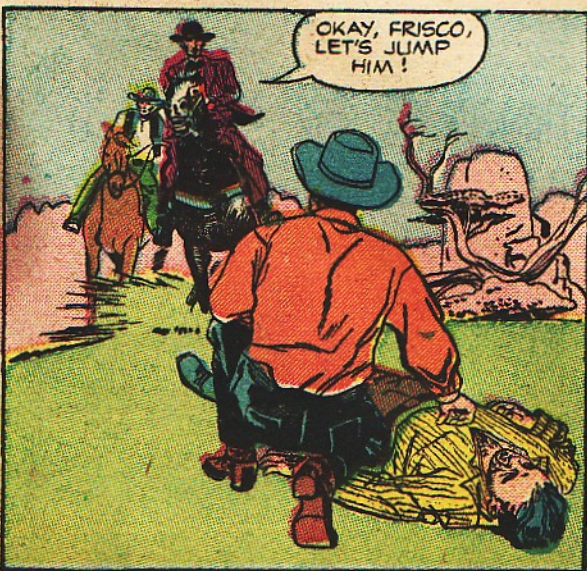
NO, IT'S NOT CARSON, IT'S ME - BUCK ROPER! YOU MAY KNOW MORE ABOUT BREAKING BRONCOS THAN I DO, BUT THERE'S ONE LESSON I CAN TEACH YOU! YOU CAN'T TRY TO KILL A TRAIN FULL OF PEOPLE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



THAT JASPER IS BUCK ROPER FROM THE HILL RODEO! HE MUST HAVE GOT WISE TO HAWKES, AND NOW HE'S BEATING THE TAR OUT OF HIM! MAYBE WE'D BETTER VAMOOSE BEFORE WE GET INVOLVED!

HAWKES ISN'T GOING TO TAKE THE WHOLE BLAME BY HIMSELF! IF WE LEAVE HIM HERE BY HIMSELF, HE'S SURE TO SQUEAL! WE GOTTA GET RID OF ROPER! C'MON!

WUH AM

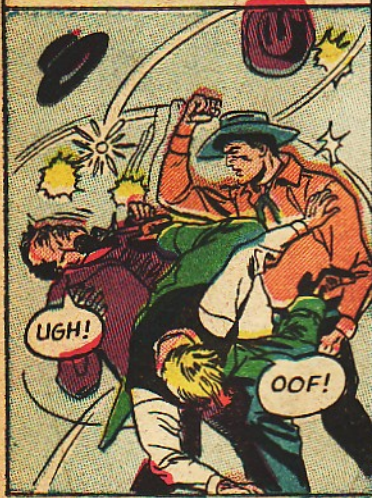


OKAY, FRISCO, LET'S JUMP HIM!



BUT WITH PERFECT TIMING, BUCK SIDESTEPS HIM...

AS THE TWO VILLAINS JUMP UP, BUCK'S FLYING FISTS TAKE ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM!



NOW TO THROW THEM OVER THEIR HORSES AND LEAD THEM BACK!



BUT WHEN BUCK GETS BACK TO THE RODEO TRAIN...



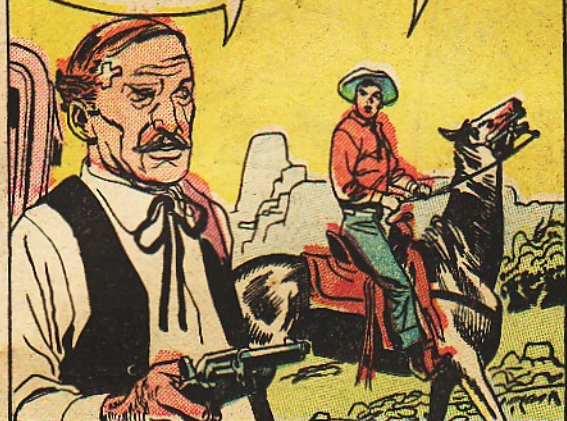
...WE CAN ROUND UP OUR STEERS! THEY'VE BROKEN LOOSE AND THEY'RE STAMPEDING TOWARD THE HILLS!

WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE MEN? HOW COME THEY HAVEN'T GONE AFTER THEM?



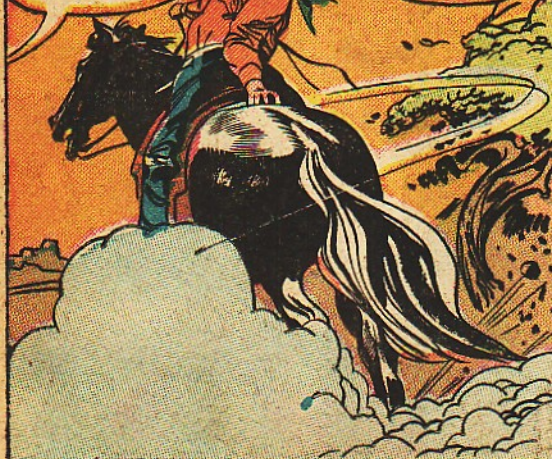
EVERYBODY WAS SO BADLY SHAKEN UP, THE DOCTOR REFUSES TO LET ANYONE OUT WITHOUT A CHECKUP!

THEN I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND ROUND THEM UP MYSELF!



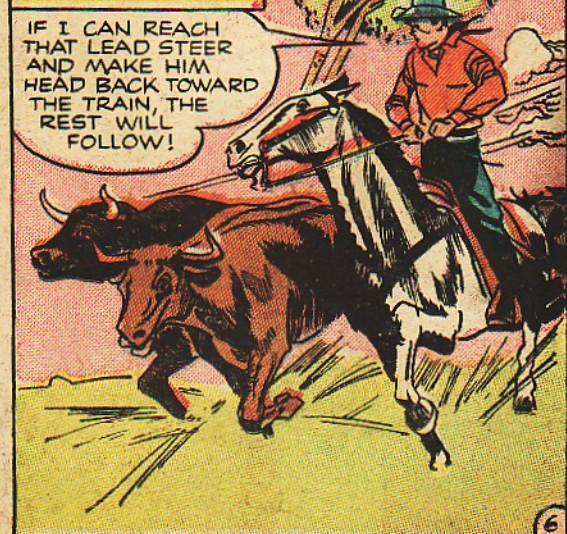
BUT, BUCK, YOU DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE JOB!

MAYBE NOT! AT LEAST I CAN GIVE IT A TRY!



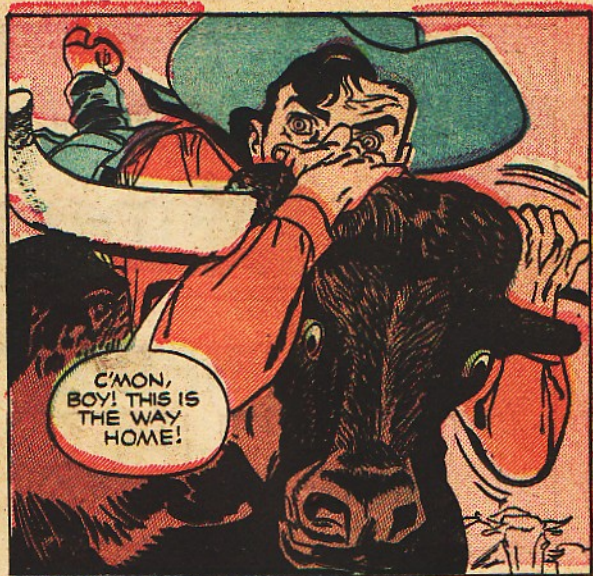
SHORTLY AFTER...

IF I CAN REACH THAT LEAD STEER AND MAKE HIM HEAD BACK TOWARD THE TRAIN, THE REST WILL FOLLOW!

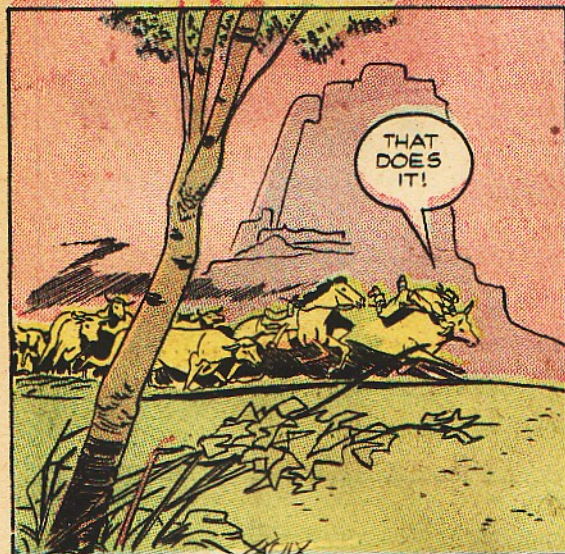




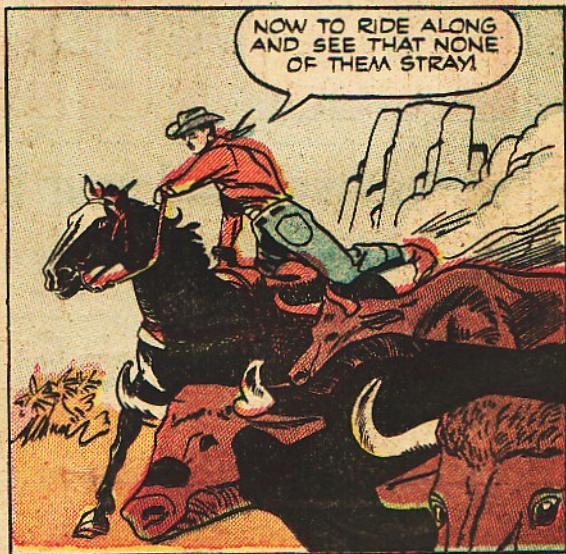
I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS IS REALLY SUPPOSED TO BE DONE, SO I'M GOING TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS!



C'MON, BOY! THIS IS THE WAY HOME!



THAT DOES IT!



NOW TO RIDE ALONG AND SEE THAT NONE OF THEM STRAY!



SHORTLY AFTER...

ALL THE STEERS ARE ACCOUNTED FOR, BUCK! THESE MEN ARE WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW, BUCK, THAT WHEN THE LOCAL SHERIFF ARRIVED, HAWKES AND THOSE OTHER TWO MEN MADE A FULL CONFESSION!



YOU MAY NOT KNOW ENOUGH OF THE FINE POINTS TO COMPETE IN A RODEO YET, BUT WITH YOUR COURAGE AND ABILITY, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE YOU'RE HOLDING YOUR OWN WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

IF TRYING HARD WILL DO IT, I KNOW I'LL MAKE THE GRADE!

THE END

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Trigger Happy

Ralph Pritchard was fifteen years old, and scared. His wide brimmed stetson shielded his eyes from the sun and his hands rested on the handles of forty-fives that hung within easy reach at his sides. He squinted at a tin can on the fence that looked a hundred miles away instead of the 100 yards that actually separated them.

The guns were his and he meant to wear them. Pops Gordon had given them to him on his fourteenth birthday, and for the past year they had decorated a wall in his bedroom.

"Happy Birthday," Pops told him a year ago, and handed him two man-sized forty-fives. "When a boy reaches fourteen he's a man and should be wearing shootin' irons."

"Fiddlesticks!" Ralph's father snorted. "The boy has no right to wear a gun until he knows how to use it and has a reason to wear it."

Ralph remembered fingering the guns, and trying to keep the tears from forming in the corners of his eyes. "Give the kid a chance, Buck," Pops said. "He's going to grow up some day and he may as well start now. There ain't no better way then totin' six guns to give a fellow some confidence."

"I don't agree, Pops. Ralph will become the target of any killer that comes along. He'd be dead before he learned how to shoot. And as for that confidence, if a man has to depend on a gun, he's only half a man."

Pops rubbed the stubble of his beard thoughtfully. "I didn't mean that, Buck. Shucks, if a fellow needs a gun to feel like a man he ain't much good, but its like learning to ride, rope, and working with the men that makes a boy a man."

Ralph tried to swallow the large lump in his throat, and his father caught the tear that had escaped and rolled down his cheek. Ralph turned and brushed it away.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," his father said. "Learn how to shoot the guns, learn how to draw and hit a target. In short, when you show me you know how to use them, you can wear them."

That was when Ralph did something he hadn't done since he was a kid. He rushed up and kissed his father, then ran out of the room with his holstered guns.

That was a year ago. That was before he started target practice until the barrels turned red with heat. He had learned everything Pops had to teach except how to shoot on the draw.

"The kid's trigger-happy," Pops explained to Ralph's father one day, "but only on the draw." He scratched his head, "I don't understand it. The kid can shoot anything he can see, but when he draws, he's too anxious. The bullets start flyin' in every direction, and it's only by the grace o' God that he hasn't blown his toes off!"

"That's what I thought." Buck snapped. "The kid's too young to shoot. He don't wear those guns until he can handle 'em."

"He'll handle 'em," Pops shouted as Buck walked away, "If I have to club the know-how into his head."

Ralph could still hear Pop's angry words as his hand rested on the bone handled guns. He squinted at the can resting on the fence and he repeated Pop's instructions. "Whip out the guns, count five, then shoot the can down."

He drew a deep breath, yanked at the guns, and counted five. The numbers jumped through his mind, and the triggers sent the bullets flying. He knew even before the dust danced at his feet that he had counted too quickly, and had fired too fast.

Some of the cowhands snickered, one of them guffawed, "Don't worry, kid. You can always become a cook - then you won't need shootin' irons! Haw!"

Ralph turned, loosened the belt, and headed for the ranch office. There was oil and cloth there to clean the guns. His father snapped at the laughter, "Lefty! Come on down to the office."

"Yeah, boss," a smirk decorated Lefty's face, as he fell in step and walked to the house.

Ralph sat in a corner of the room spreading the oil and cloths in front of him. His father sat on the top of the desk and ignored him. He pointed the chewed end of a cigar at the cowhand, "I've got the payroll in the safe, Lefty, and I want a man here tonight to look after it. We'll finish the round-up late tonight, but I don't want the money gone by the time we get back.

"Sorry, boss, but I got no one for the job. I got two men sick, I got one man with that sick calf"

"I know, I know," Buck waved his cigar impatiently, "but I've got to have a man here."

"Why not him?" Lefty jerked a thumb at Ralph. There was a smile on his lips. "The kid may not shoot fast, but he shoots often."

Ralph looked up and for the first time in his life he saw a steely fire in his father's eyes. "Yes, why not," his father snapped. "Ralph, you'll watch the safe tonight while we're out bringing the steers in. And remember this," his father cautioned. "You don't have to be a hero. If you notice anything wrong, one shot will bring the ranch hands down."

"All right, Lefty, get your men together for the roundup. We've got a man to stand guard tonight."

* * * *

It was dark out, and the house was ablaze with light. Ralph wore both holsters low. He had found a pair of calf skin gloves that hugged his hands as tight as skin itself. The guns wouldn't slip when he called on them.

He walked nervously through the office trying the door again which he knew to be locked . . . and the window which he knew was shut tight.

The lights bothered him. What a target he made. He turned out all the lights and pulled a chair over to a corner where he could watch the safe, and the door. Sitting in the darkness he tested his gun's ability to slide out of the holsters. He could feel the stocks through the gloves, and the leather kissed the bone handles with a possessive affection that made his heart sing. He let the guns slip back into their holsters and watched the shadows on the wall that moved with the moon.

Ralph folded his arms, closed his eyes, and sat. How long he sat this way he didn't know. Perhaps he napped for awhile and then something happened that snapped him upright in his chair. The bolt on the door moved. A shadow eased itself into the room, stood still for a moment, and then headed for the safe.

Ralph blinked his eyes. Could it be his father? No. He would have put the lights on. Might be one of the ranch hands playing a practical joke. And then an icy feeling gripped his heart. It could be a thief!

Ralph slid off the chair. It creaked loudly as he moved. The thief spun around and called out, "Ralph! I know you're in here somewhere. Do you want to take your twelve shots at me now and stop a bullet yourself or do you want to be a nice kid and hide somewhere?" A nasty laugh punctuated the air that Ralph could recognize anywhere. It was Lefty Brandt!

"What do you want, Mr. Brandt?" Ralph's voice squeaked thin. He had meant to say, "Get out Lefty before you do something you're going to be sorry for." Or, "Touch the safe again and I'll fill you full of holes." Instead he just said, "What do you want, Mr. Brandt?"

"I want the money kid," Brandt told him. There's enough here for me to buy my own ranch, and I'm warning you, no kid is going to stop me."

"I'm going to stop you, Mr. Brandt." Ralph's voice still squeaked but the determination was unmistakable.

"All right, kid," Brandt shouted, "you asked for it. Draw!"

Ralph's fingers slid down to his guns, and in anticipation they seemed to leap into his hands. And then the darkness exploded. Lefty had turned on the lights, and Ralph, with his guns in his hands stood still as the light crowded out the blackness. Then he saw the figure of Lefty against the wall, drawing his gun.

Two bullets exploded from Ralph's guns. His first shot kicked the gun out of Lefty's hand, the second bit viciously into Lefty's shoulder, spinning him around.

Brandt fell to the ground, moaning, "You lousy kid. You lousy little kid."

* * * *

"Told you, Buck, the kid could shoot." Pops chuckled. "Tell me, Ralph, what did you count to -- five or ten?"

"Neither, Pops." Ralph said slowly. "I was too excited to count. I just waited for the flash of light to disappear so I could see him. When I could see him I fired. And you know something, Pops, I'll never forget that black spot. It seemed like forever but it was only a second -- long enough to line up my guns."

"Yeah," coughed Pops, "That's what I was tryin' to teach you -- to line up your guns."

"Come on," Ralph's father broken in. "We've got a round-up on. Let's go."

He turned in time to see Ralph slipping off his guns and shouted, "That means you, too, Ralph." He slipped his arm around the grinning boy. "We need EVERY MAN we got for THIS job. Strap on your guns and come along."

THE END



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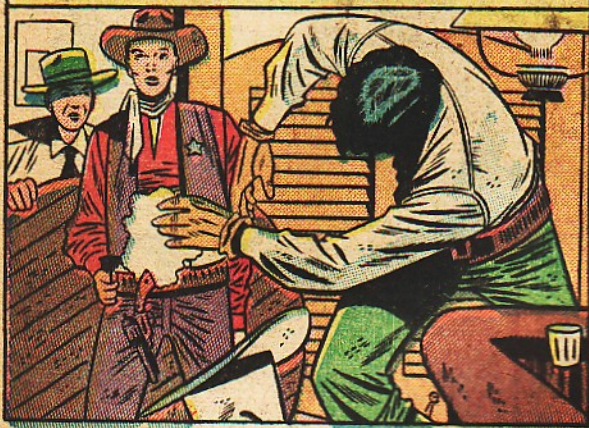
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WESTERN LORE

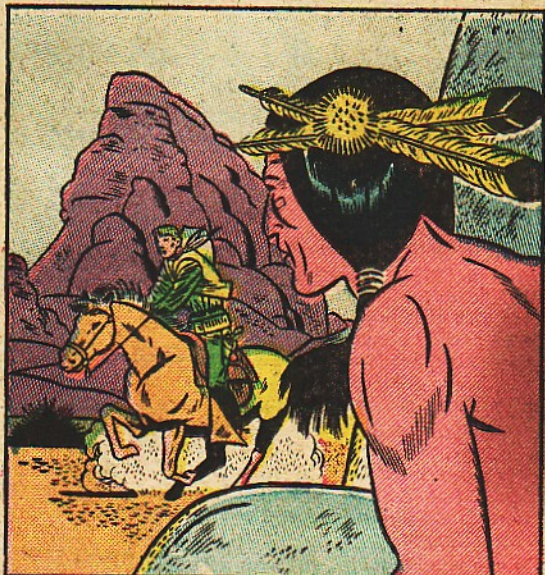
IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WESTERN BADMEN, FEW PEACE OFFICERS LIVED AS RECKLESS A LIFE AS DID MARSHAL BILL TILGHMAN! FOR TILGHMAN, WHO WAS KNOWN FOR HIS LIGHTNING FAST DRAW, ALWAYS ALLOWED HIS ADVERSARY TO DRAW FIRST! DESPITE THIS TILGHMAN KEPT HIS JOB AS LAWMAN FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS, BEFORE HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!



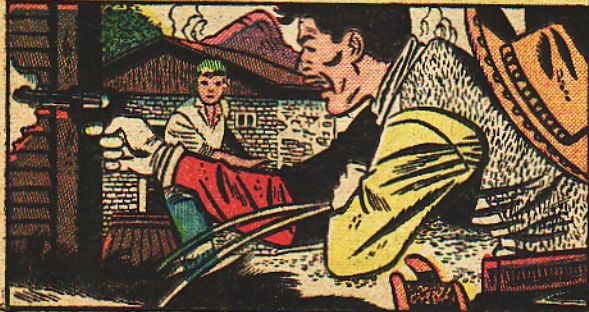
NO WOMAN OF THE FABULOUS WEST EVER LIVED A MORE NOTORIOUS LIFE THAN DID BELLE STARR! HER FEATS MADE IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT SHE WORE SKIRTS AND EARNED HER THE TITLE 'THE ORIGINAL GUN GIRL OF THE WEST'. BUT BELLE, AS DID JESSE JAMES, MET DEATH AT THE HANDS OF ONE OF HER MOST TRUSTED MEN! BELLE STARR WAS BURIED AS SHE LIVED... WITH A SIX SHOOTER IN HER HAND!



OF ALL THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST, THE MOST WARLIKE THAT THE WHITE MAN HAS ENCOUNTERED HAS BEEN THE APACHE! FROM 1849 TO 1900, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF COCHISE, VICTORIO AND GERONIMO, IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO SUBDUDE THEM! THEY PUT UP A GALLANT FIGHT, FINALLY LOSING OUT TO SUPERIOR NUMBERS! THUS, BECOMING THE LAST TRIBE TO BE CONQUERED BY THE WHITE MAN!



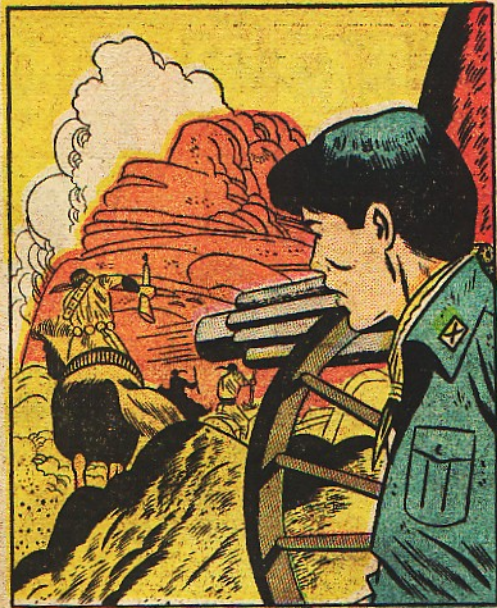
THE HUGE AREA WHICH TAKES IN THE STATES OF NEBRASKA, SOUTH DAKOTA, MONTANA AND WYOMING WAS ONCE CALLED 'THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT'. WITH THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD, CAME THE VICIOUS GUN-FIGHTERS TO ESTABLISH THE MOST NOTORIOUS SETTLEMENT OF ALL... DODGE CITY! BUT THE COMING OF THE LAW AND THE RAILROAD BROUGHT PEACE AND STABILITY TO WHAT ARE NOW FOUR OF AMERICA'S RICHEST MINING AND FARMING STATES!



IF IT'S ONE INDIAN—BE FRIENDLY! IF IT'S TWO INDIANS—BE CAREFUL! IF IT'S THREE INDIANS—RUN! NEVER SHOOT FIRST! THESE WERE THE RULES FOR THE DARING, FEARLESS RIDERS OF THE PONY EXPRESS WHO FACED EVERY DANGER TO GET THE MAIL THROUGH! DURING THE TIME THE PONY EXPRESS WAS IN EXISTENCE, 1860 TO 1861, ONLY ONE MAIL WAS LOST WITH ITS CARRIER!

"LAW WEST OF THE PECOS"
 THAT WAS THE TITLE BESTOWED UPON JUDGE ROY BEAN, WHO DEALT OUT JUSTICE IN HIS OWN UNIQUE MANNER! ONCE HE FINED A DEAD MAN FOR CARRYING A CONCEALED GUN!

I DON'T CARE IF HE IS DEAD! THE LAW IS THE LAW, AND THE FINE STANDS!



IN A STALEMATE BATTLE BETWEEN THE TEXAS RANGERS AND THE MEXICAN MARAUDERS, CAPTAIN JACK HAYS CHALLENGED THE MEXICAN LEADER TO FIGHT HIM IN SINGLE COMBAT! THE MEXICAN LEADER ACCEPTED AND WAS KILLED BY HAYS' FIRST BULLET! RANGERS WERE PROUD TO CALL THIS TWENTY-ONE YEAR OLD YOUTH THEIR LEADER, FOR HE WAS THE **FIRST TEXAS RANGER!**



FOLLOWING THE BATTLE AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN, SITTING BULL AND HIS SIOUX MIGRATED TO CANADA! FOR YEARS THEY REMAINED PEACEFUL, BUT THEN THE URGE TO RECLAIM THEIR LANDS STIRRED THEM BACK TO THE WARPATH! THEY CAME IN GREAT FORCE AND FOR AWHILE, SEEMED TO BE MAKING GOOD THEIR PLAN! BUT THEN, CAPTAIN FECHET BROUGHT HIS HOTCHKISS GUN (THE FORERUNNER TO THE MACHINE GUN) INTO PLAY AND FORCED THE SIOUX BACK! THUS ENDING THE LAST SIOUX UPRISING!

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. in five days.

SORRY, NO COD'S



Explore The Unknown!

HIGH POWER MICROSCOPE

Have fascinating evenings with this real high power microscope. A wonderful hobby. Look for unusual markings on stamps - study plant and insect life - see living germs. There's no end to the wonderful things you'll see with this microscope. **ORDER TODAY!** Hard to believe, **ONLY 49¢!**

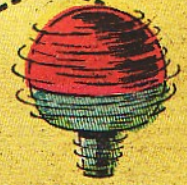


New! Exciting!
MYSTERY TOP

SPIN IT --- WATCH IT CHANGE COLOR!



49¢



THEN IT TURNS UPSIDE DOWN LIKE MAGIC. ACTUALLY DEFIES GRAVITY! WHAT MAKES IT SOMERSAULT? IT'S A MYSTERY! FOOL YOUR FRIENDS -- **ONLY 49¢**

Special Offer!
 Look through this magazine for other 3 FLAGS TRADING CO. ads. You will find many different, exciting things you'll want to buy. Send in an order totaling \$3 or more and choose any ONE of the rings shown here. IT WILL BE OUR GIFT TO YOU!



3 Flags Trading Corp.
 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N.Y. Dept T 2

Gentlemen: Please send me the following. I enclose:

Cash Check M.O. in the amount of \$.....
 High-Power Microscope Mystery Top

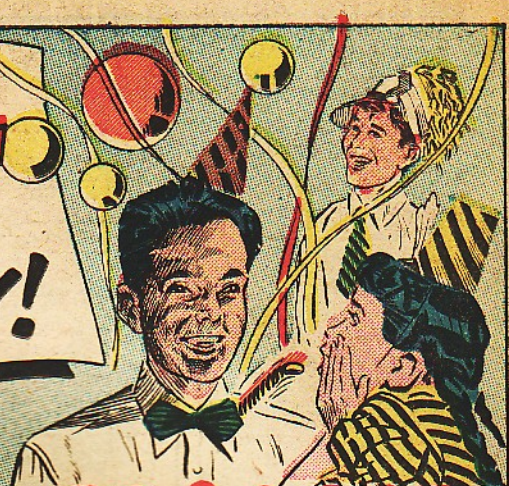
My order amounts to over \$3, please send me the following gift ring.

Skull Horsehead Snakes Solitaire

NAME _____ STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

Satisfaction guaranteed
or your money back in
five days.

A Sure-Fire Way To Be The
BIG HIT
OF THE PARTY!



SNAKE BOW TIE

First they'll admire your snazzy tie - but they'll sure jump when you squeeze a hidden rubber bulb and a snake wiggles out! Drive the girls crazy - they'll love it. Everyone will have fun - but you will have the most laughs!

only
\$1.00

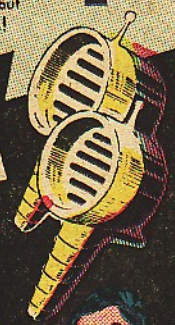


TWO-WAY WALKIE- TALKIES

SENDS—RECEIVES
VOICE—SONGS—MUSIC:
2 PHONES WITH LINE

TALK BETWEEN ROOMS - FROM
BUILDING TO BUILDING - BETWEEN
HOUSE AND GARAGE.

Special
Low price. **89¢**



Special Offer!

Look through this magazine for other 3 FLAGS TRADING CO. ads. You will find many different, exciting things you'll want to buy. Send in an order totalling \$3 or more & choose any one of the rings shown here. **IT WILL BE OUR GIFT TO YOU!**



3 Flags Trading Corp.

114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N.Y. Dept. B2
Gentlemen: Please send me the following. I enclose:

Cash Check M.O. in the amount of \$.....
 Snake Bow Tie \$1 Walkie Talkies \$1

My order amounts to over \$3, please send me the following gift ring.

Skull Horsehead Snakes Solitaire

NAME _____

STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

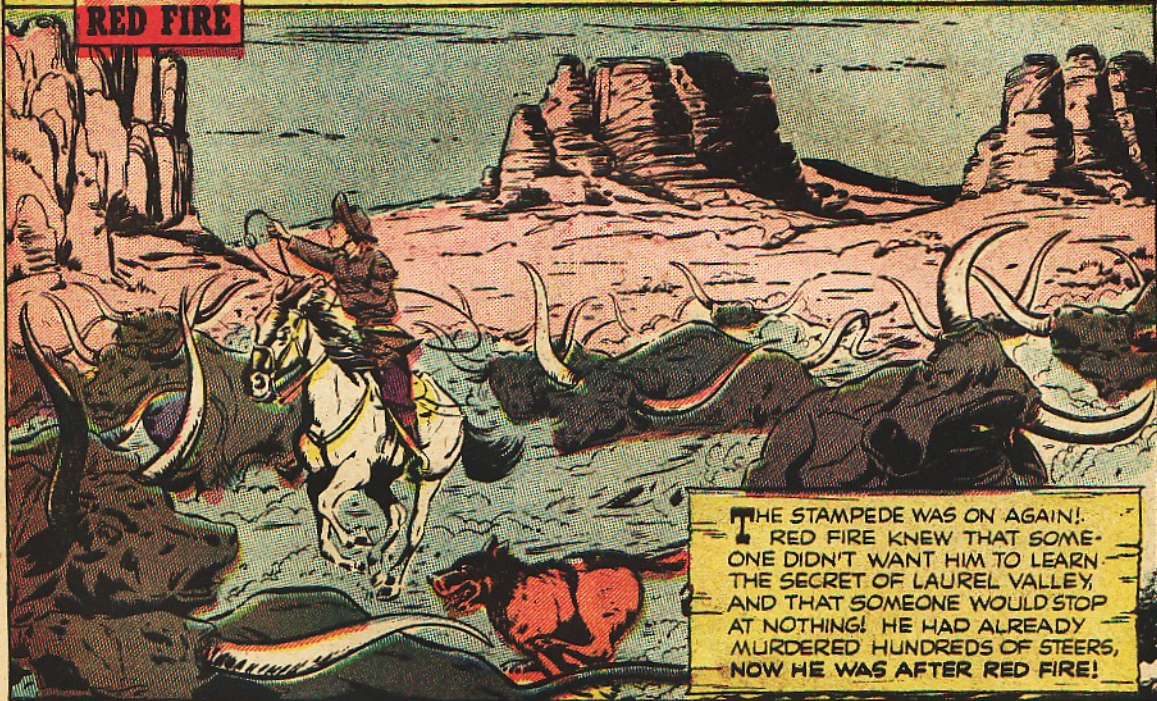
THE STAMPEDE OF *DEATH*

DUE TO A SHORTAGE OF GOOD GRAZING LAND IN WAP-PINGER COUNTY, MANY YEARS AGO THE RANCHERS BOUGHT THE BEST GRASS LANDS IN LAUREL VALLEY, DIVIDED IT EQUALLY AMONG THEM, AND USED THE VALLEY AS A COMMON GRAZING PASTURE. THEN AS NOW THE MOST **FRIGHTENING**, THE MOST **TERRIFYING** WORD A RANCHER COULD HEAR WAS...

Stampede!

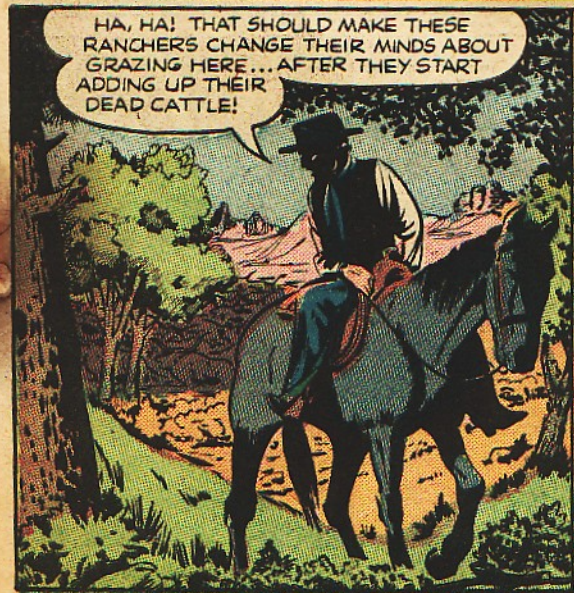


RED FIRE



THE STAMPEDE WAS ON AGAIN! RED FIRE KNEW THAT SOMEONE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO LEARN THE SECRET OF LAUREL VALLEY, AND THAT SOMEONE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING! HE HAD ALREADY MURDERED HUNDREDS OF STEERS, NOW HE WAS AFTER RED FIRE!

HA, HA! THAT SHOULD MAKE THESE RANCHERS CHANGE THEIR MINDS ABOUT GRAZING HERE... AFTER THEY START ADDING UP THEIR DEAD CATTLE!



THAT'S THE THIRD STAMPEDE THIS MONTH! IT'S WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE HERD! I'M FINISHED!

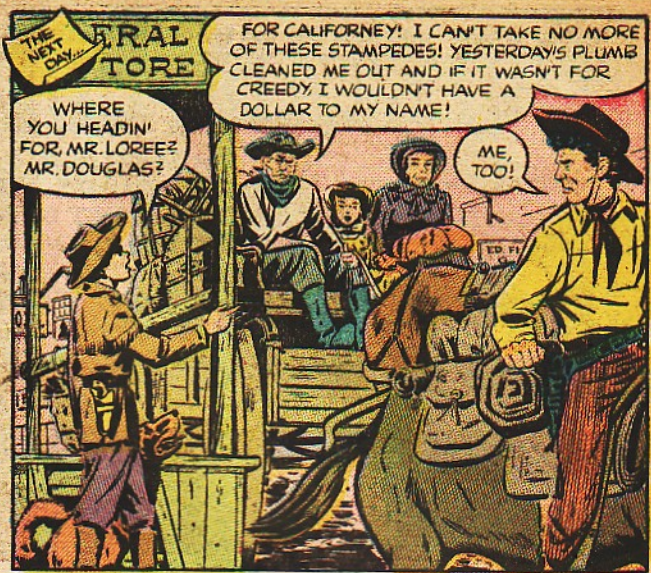
TOUGH LUCK, DOUGLAS! I LOST THREE STEERS MYSELF!





CREEDY, THE LAND ISN'T MUCH GOOD TO ME WITHOUT MY CATTLE! I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR HALF WHAT IT COST ME!

WAAL, AS A FAVOR TO YOU, DOUG, I'LL TAKE IT OFFA YOUR HANDS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO WITH ALL THAT LAND!

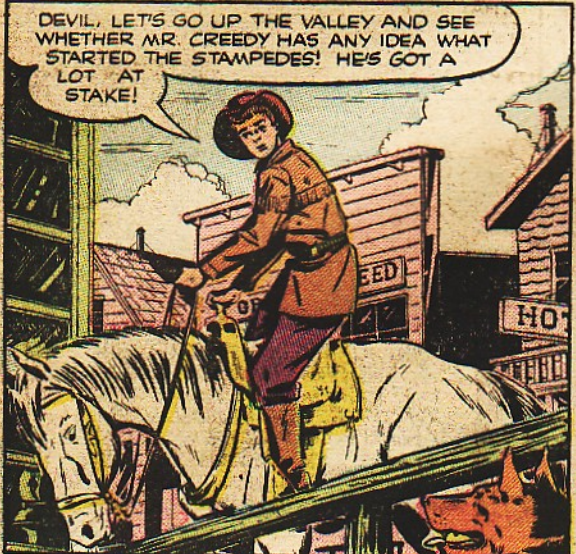


THE NEXT DAY...

WHERE YOU HEADIN' FOR, MR. LOREE? MR. DOUGLAS?

FOR CALIFORNEY! I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE OF THESE STAMPEDES! YESTERDAY'S PLUMB CLEANED ME OUT AND IF IT WASN'T FOR CREEDY I WOULDN'T HAVE A DOLLAR TO MY NAME!

ME, TOO!



DEVIL, LET'S GO UP THE VALLEY AND SEE WHETHER MR. CREEDY HAS ANY IDEA WHAT STARTED THE STAMPEDES! HE'S GOT A LOT AT STAKE!

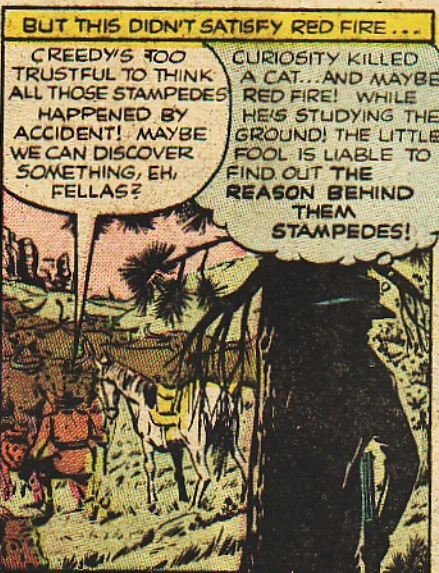


WHAT STARTS A STAMPEDE? WAAL, RED FIRE, IN EVERY HERD YOU ALWAYS FIND AN ORNERY CRITTER CALLED A STAMPER!



YOU MEAN SOME CATTLE LIKE TO START A STAMPEDE JUST FOR THE FIJN OF IT?

YEP, AND THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLIN' WHICH ARE THE TROUBLE MAKERS, SON!



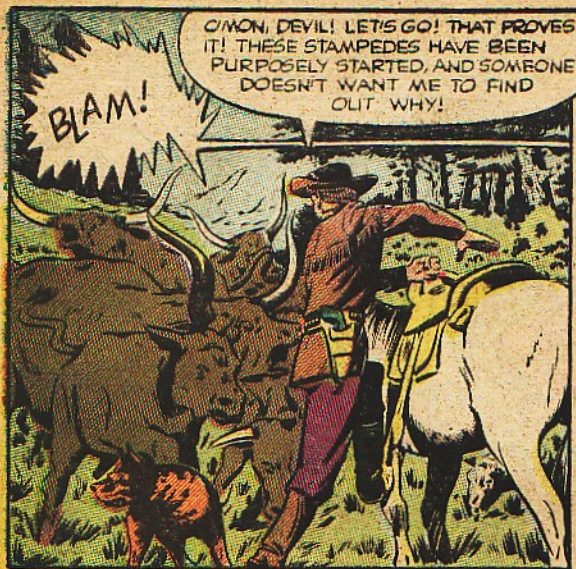
BUT THIS DIDN'T SATISFY RED FIRE...

CREEDY'S TOO TRUSTFUL TO THINK ALL THOSE STAMPEDES HAPPENED BY ACCIDENT! MAYBE WE CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING, EH, FELLAS?

CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT... AND MAYBE RED FIRE! WHILE HE'S STUDYING THE GROUND! THE LITTLE FOOL IS LIABLE TO FIND OUT THE REASON BEHIND THEM STAMPEDES!



I CAN EASILY KNOCK RED FIRE OFF WITH ONE SHOT, BUT IF I START A STAMPEDE, HE'LL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH AND IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

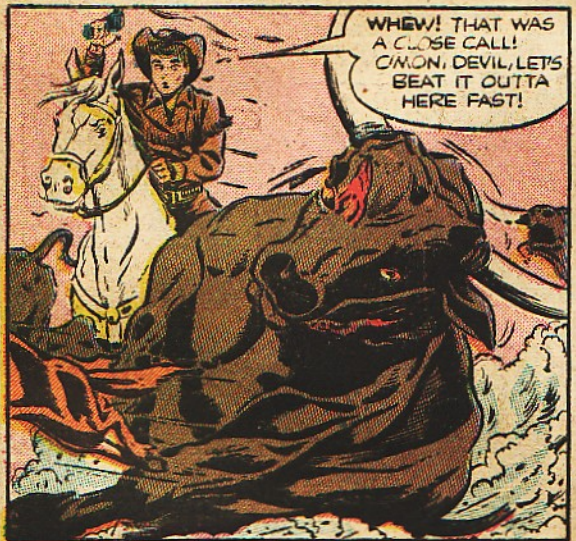


C'MON, DEVIL! LET'S GO! THAT PROVES IT! THESE STAMPEDES HAVE BEEN PURPOSELY STARTED, AND SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT ME TO FIND OUT WHY!

BLAM!



WATCH OUT, DEVIL! I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT IT'S EITHER DEVIL'S LIFE OR THAT CRAZED STEER!



WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! C'MON, DEVIL, LET'S BEAT IT OUTTA HERE FAST!

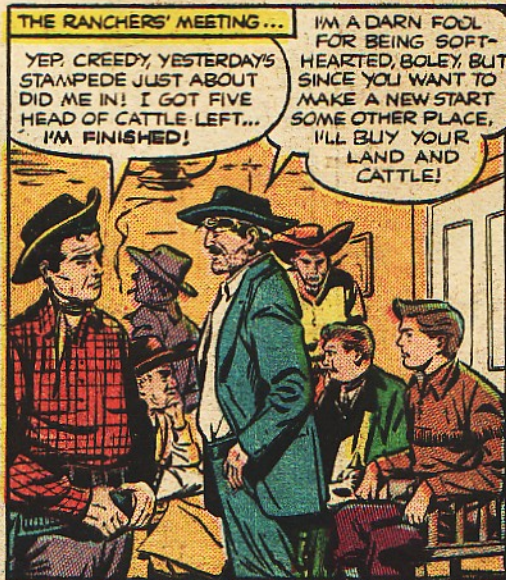


THAT NIGHT A MAN GIVES ORDERS...

OKAY, SO RED FIRE OUTRODE THE STAMPEDE! NEXT TIME HE WON'T BE SO LUCKY! TOMORROW THERE'S A RANCHERS MEETING! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO TONIGHT...



THAT'LL DO IT... NOW TO FILL THE CUT WITH PUTTY AND NO ONE'LL NOTICE IT!



THE RANCHERS' MEETING...

YEP, CREEDEY, YESTERDAY'S STAMPEDE JUST ABOUT DID ME IN! I GOT FIVE HEAD OF CATTLE LEFT... I'M FINISHED!

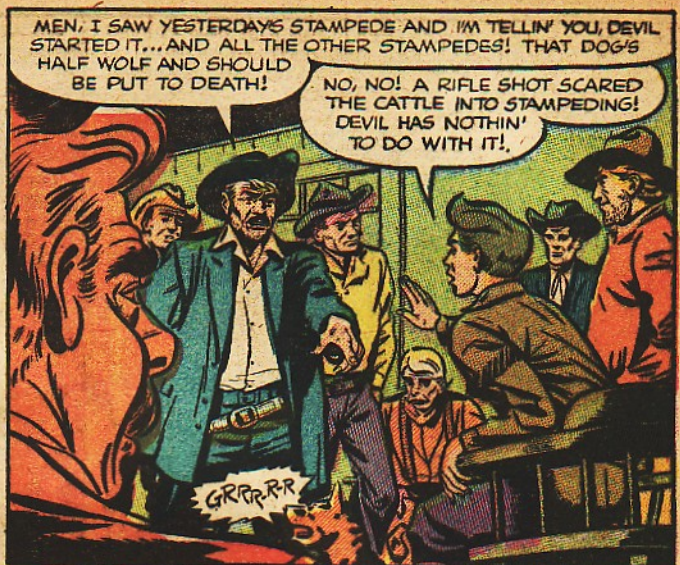
I'M A DARN FOOL FOR BEING SOFT-HEARTED, BOLEY, BUT SINCE YOU WANT TO MAKE A NEW START SOME OTHER PLACE, I'LL BUY YOUR LAND AND CATTLE!



I'LL BE OVER TONIGHT WITH THE PAPERS, SO'S YOU CAN SIGN THEM OVER TO ME!



MEETIN' CALLED TO ORDER! BIG BILL CREEDEY WANTS YOU ALL TO HEAR SOMETHIN'!



MEN, I SAW YESTERDAYS STAMPEDE AND I'M TELLIN' YOU, DEVIL STARTED IT...AND ALL THE OTHER STAMPEDES! THAT DOG'S HALF WOLF AND SHOULD BE PUT TO DEATH!

NO, NO! A RIFLE SHOT SCARED THE CATTLE INTO STAMPEDING! DEVIL HAS NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT!

GRRRR

AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION, THE CHAIRMAN ANNOUNCES...



THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SHOW DEVIL CAUSED THE STAMPEDE! MEETIN' DISMISSED!

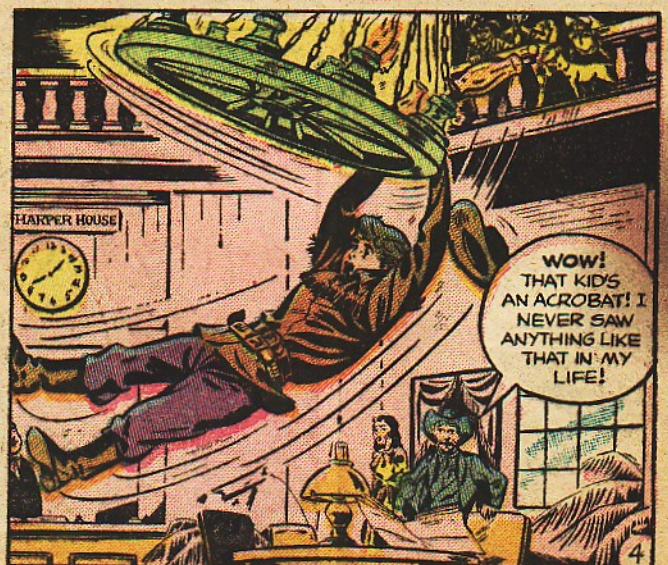


WELL, IF THAT WOLF DOG DIDN'T START THE STAMPEDE, WHO DID?

WATCH OUT, RED FIRE! THAT'S A TWENTY FOOT DROP!



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! SOMEBODY SHOVE ME INTO RED FIRE!



HARPER HOUSE



WOW! THAT KID'S AN ACROBAT! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE!

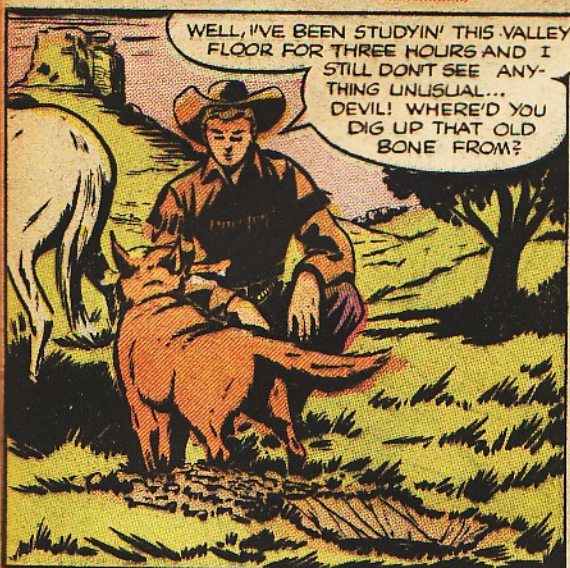


THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY HERE, SHERIFF! MAYBE THAT SHOVE BY CREEDY WAS AN ACCIDENT, BUT THIS RAILING'S BEEN CUT ON PURPOSE SO IT WOULD GIVE WAY EASILY!

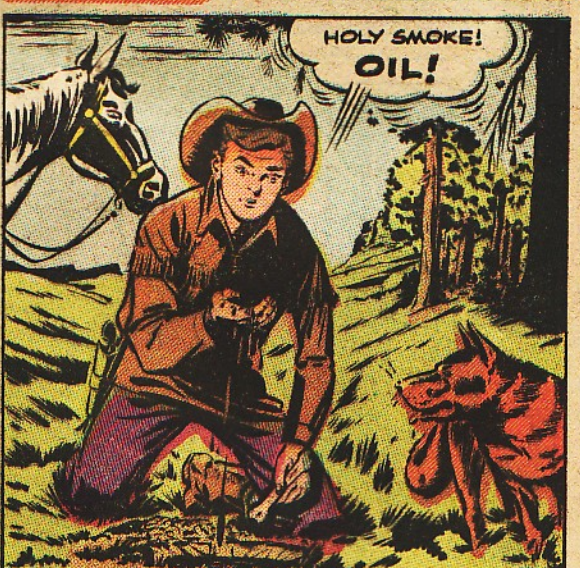
YEAH, AND THEN FILLED WITH PUTTY! WHY'D ANYONE WANT TO GET RID OF YOU, RED FIRE?



MAYBE SOMEONE'S AFRAID I MAY FIND OUT WHO'S STARTING ALL THE STAMPEDES...AND WHY! I'M GOING OUT TO LAUREL VALLEY AND REALLY STUDY THE LAYOUT!



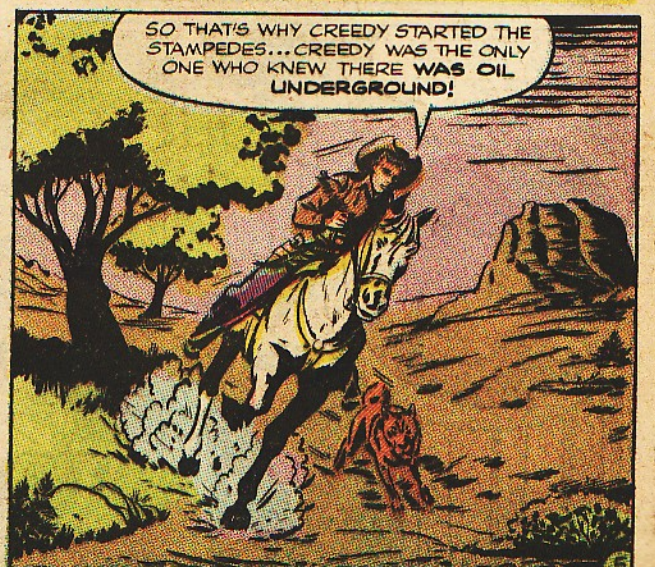
WELL, I'VE BEEN STUDYIN' THIS VALLEY FLOOR FOR THREE HOURS AND I STILL DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL... DEVIL! WHERE'D YOU DIG UP THAT OLD BONE FROM?



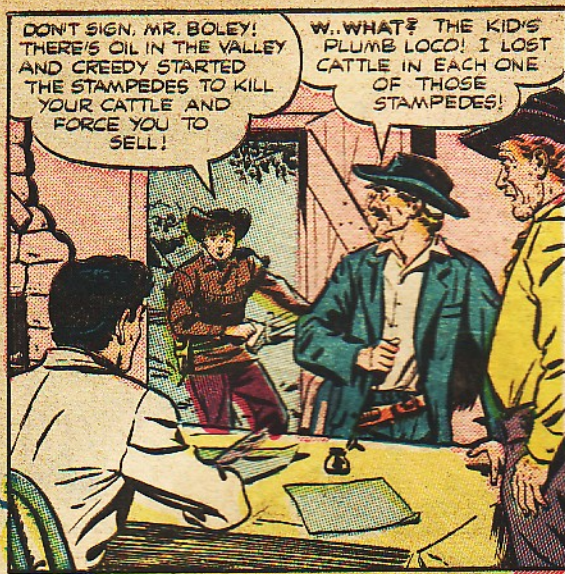
HOLY SMOKE! OIL!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP MR. BOLEY FROM SELLING HIS LAND TO CREEDY! THE PAPERS ARE TO BE SIGNED TONIGHT!



SO THAT'S WHY CREEDY STARTED THE STAMPEDES...CREEDY WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THERE WAS OIL UNDERGROUND!



DON'T SIGN, MR. BOLEY! THERE'S OIL IN THE VALLEY AND CREEDEY STARTED THE STAMPEDES TO KILL YOUR CATTLE AND FORCE YOU TO SELL!

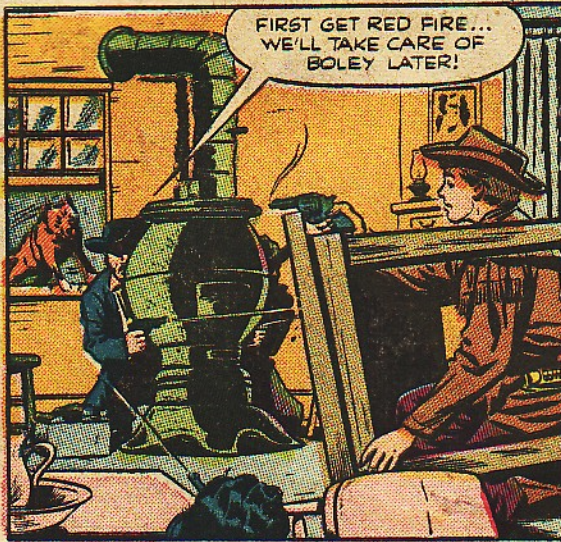
W..WHAT? THE KID'S PLUMB LOCO! I LOST CATTLE IN EACH ONE OF THOSE STAMPEDES!



THAT WAS JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK AUTHENTIC AND FOOL THE OTHERS! YOU NEVER LOST MORE'N TWO OR THREE STEERS!

YOU RED-HEADED BLABBER-MOUTH! I'LL TEACH YOU!

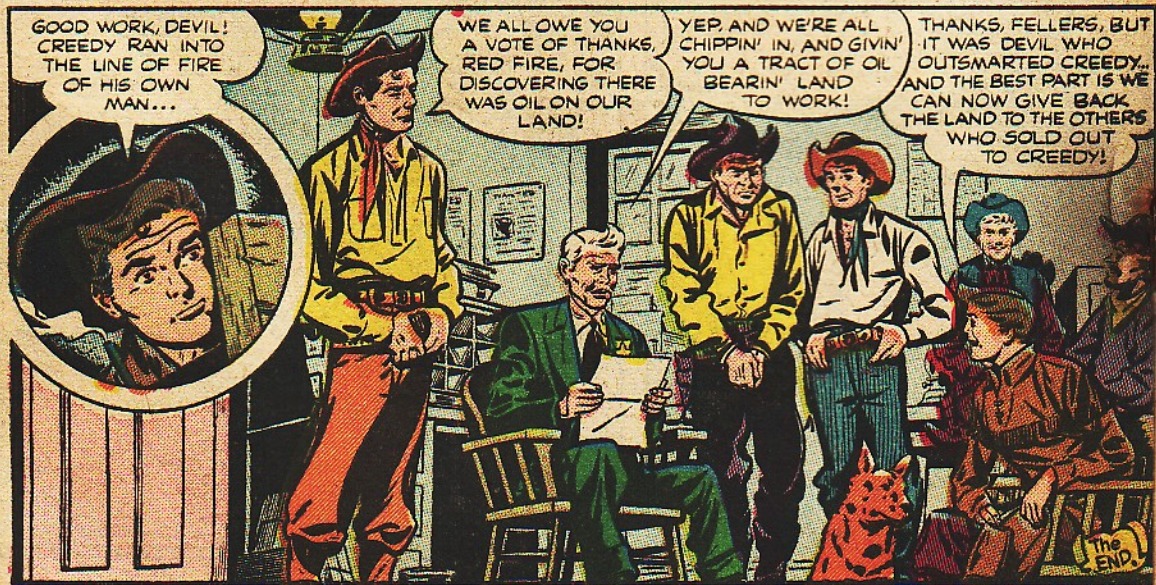
DUCK, RED FIRE!



FIRST GET RED FIRE... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF BOLEY LATER!



GET THIS MANGY HOUND OFFA... OWW!!



GOOD WORK, DEVIL! CREEDEY RAN INTO THE LINE OF FIRE OF HIS OWN MAN...

WE ALL OWE YOU A VOTE OF THANKS, RED FIRE, FOR DISCOVERING THERE WAS OIL ON OUR LAND!

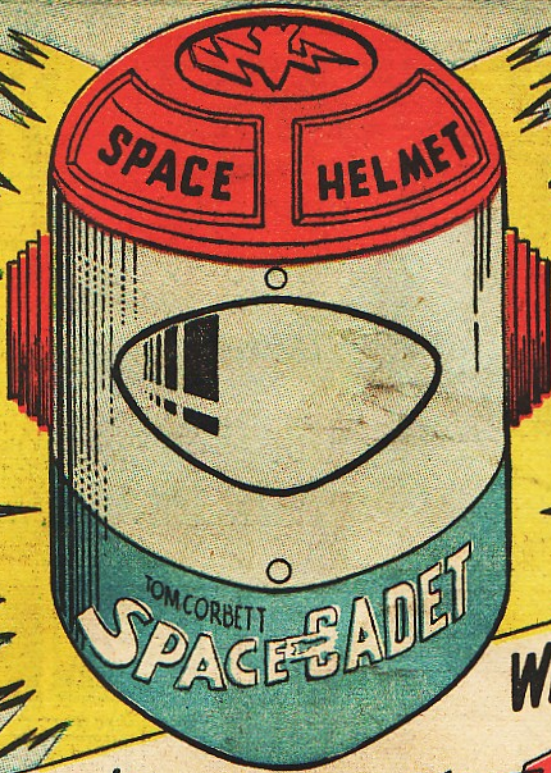
YEP AND WE'RE ALL CHIPPIN' IN, AND GIVIN' YOU A TRACT OF OIL BEARIN' LAND TO WORK!

THANKS, FELLERS, BUT IT WAS DEVIL WHO OUTSMARTED CREEDEY... AND THE BEST PART IS WE CAN NOW GIVE BACK THE LAND TO THE OTHERS WHO SOLD OUT TO CREEDEY!

THE END!

HAVE FUN

IT'S LIKE MAGIC



AMAZING

THRILLING

With This Great

Join The Space Parade

INVISIBLE HELMET

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back in five days.

Be a Super Space Cadet! Nobody, but nobody will be able to recognize you when you wear this amazing Invisible Helmet. 'Cause when people look at your face, they'll see only their own reflection. But YOU'LL be able to see them and you'll be thrilled at everyone's amazement! All this excitement for only

\$1.98
Postpaid



Your Friends Will Rave

Sorry, no COD's



Special Offer!

Look through this magazine for other 3 FLAGS TRADING CO. ads! You will find many different, exciting things you'll want to buy. Send in an order totalling \$3 or more and choose any ONE of the rings shown here. IT WILL BE OUR GIFT TO YOU!



3 Flags Trading Corp.
114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N.Y. Depr. H 2

Gentlemen: Please send me _____ Invisible Helmets. I enclose

Cash Check M.O in the amount of \$ _____

My order amounts to over \$3, please send me the following gift ring:

Skull Horsehead Snakes Solitaire

NAME _____
STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

LATEST CRAZE!

FOREIGN LEGION CAP



YOU WILL LOOK SHARP AS A TACK IN THIS DASHING FOREIGN LEGION CAP. BRIGHT RED WITH GLOSSY BLACK VISOR AND STRAP. REMOVABLE DESERT-WHITE NECKPIECE TO PROTECT THE NECK FROM THE SUN. SPECIFY HEADSIZE WHEN ORDERING. WITH EACH CAP YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR FOREIGN LEGION PATCHES IN FLAMING COLORS - TWO EVEN GLOW IN THE DARK. A SENSATIONAL NEW IDEA - SEND TODAY!

\$1.98

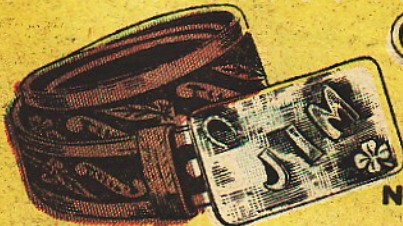


Magic DISAPPEARING KEY



Show your friends this every-day door key and then, SWISH it disappears in thin air. A baffling trick no skill required.

only
50¢
postpaid



COWBOY BELT

WITH YOUR
NAME ON BUCKLE

Very high grade cowboy belt, top-grain heavy leather - beautifully tooled with finished pattern. 1 1/2" wide, beautiful four leaf clover - YOUR OWN NAME as shown above! Many names available. Sizes 22 to 44 - a big, BIG BARGAIN for \$2.98 Some say worth \$10.00 !!

AL - TOM - DAVE - ED - BOB
BARRY - JACK - FRED - MIKE
SAM - JOE - DICK - BILL - JIM
CHARLES - HENRY - FRANK
GEORGE - PETER - JOHN
AND MANY OTHERS

\$2.98

THREE FLAGS TRADING CORP.
114 E. 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.



"THEY SMOKE THEMSELVES"

BAFFLING! A little stick that looks like a match. Put it into any picture, light it - it will smoke itself, puff and blow smoke rings. What makes it work? Everybody will be amazed.

Package of 12 for

Satisfaction guaranteed
or money back in
five days.

50¢

THREE FLAGS TRADING CORP. DEPT. LG-2
114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, NY
Gentlemen: Please send me the following: I en-
close CHECK CASH M.O.

Legion Cap - Size \$1.98
MAGIC KEY 50¢
Cowboy Belt, name, size \$2.98
Pixie Cigarettes 50¢

Name
Address
City Zone State

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%
I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!
I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!

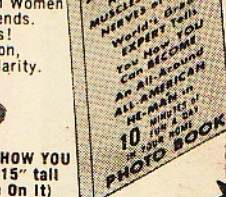
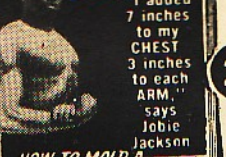
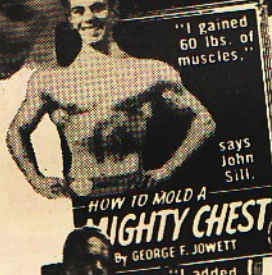


JIM NORMAN
AFTER
He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland
BEFORE
He Mailed Coupon

90 lb.
Skeleton
He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle



How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These 5 PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES
Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1

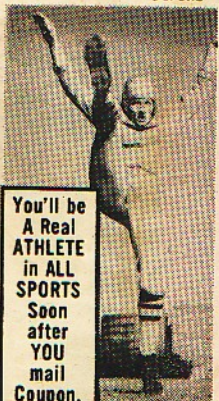


Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book
You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

GET
ALL 5
FREE

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5



Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!
YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. LG-312
Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

Jowett Courses
greater in
Value for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN
- R. F. Keller
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

GET PRIZES.... MAKE MONEY

I want to give you your choice of a walkie-talkie, the new golden trumpet, or the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-page color catalog. Many prizes are given without cost, including just one order of 48 packets of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 16¢ per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET, GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn PRIZES and extra cash for 35 years.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly, to your family, friends and neighbors, and get your prize at once. Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 35 years. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$1.60 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU!**



AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 405, Lancaster, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 405, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packets of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will mail them at the a. p. k. send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____

Sign _____



JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY. I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO PLANT SEEDS

YES, BOBBY WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. I'LL BUY SIX PACKS

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